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The United Republican Fund Cordially Invites You to

A Life Tribute to Barry Goldwater

Celebrating the Silver Anniversary of the 1964 Republican Presidential Nomination and the 80th Birthday Year of a Great American Patriot

Featuring

Senator Barry M. Goldwater

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Draft Goldwater Committee

Phyllis Schlafly
Author,
"A Choice—Not an Echo"

William A. Rusher
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National Review

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...Plus many other national leaders in the conservative Republican movement.

Thursday, May 4, 1989
The Hyatt Regency Chicago
151 E. Wacker Drive
Chicago, Illinois

Private Reception for Sen. Goldwater at 5:30 p.m.
Dinner Tribute at 7:00 p.m.

***Whether you can attend or not, please send a personal note to Barry on the form below for inclusion in our special Life Tribute Scrapbook, to be presented to him May 4.**

In 1961, a band of Young Republicans led by Clif White and Bill Rusher huddled in Chicago to create the Draft Barry Goldwater Committee and plot the ascendancy of the Conservative movement within the national Republican Party. Twenty-five years ago, it was the 1964 Goldwater Presidential nomination that set the stage for the Reagan and Bush-Quayle triumphs of the eighties.

If you were for AU H_2O in '64—or if you came of age since—please join prominent conservative Republican leaders from across the nation for a gala campaign reunion evening as we celebrate the silver anniversary of Barry's nomination and the eightieth birthday year of a Founding Father of the Conservative Republican movement.

Proceeds will be used to help block Democrat gerrymandering plans for the 1991 congressional remap through targeted aid to key 1990 GOP statehouse and judicial candidates across the nation. In 1988 the United Republican Fund, the conservative GOP finance and policy organization based in Chicago, directed over $480,000 to benefit the Bush-Quayle ticket and 146 key Republican candidates for office in 22 states.

To inquire about participation as a Co-Chairman or Vice-Chairman of this very special affair in the city where it all started, please call or write Jack Zadow at the United Republican Fund, 320 N. Michigan, Chicago, IL 60601 (312) 558-9080. Corporate involvement is permissible. For discounted Hyatt Hotel reservations, call 1-800-228-9000 and say you are with the United Republican Fund.

Copies of our reports filed with the Federal Election Commission and Illinois Board of Elections are available from the Illinois Board of Elections, Springfield. Political contributions are not tax-deductible, but they are the only way to win elections.

A Life Tribute to Barry Goldwater

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All ticket denominations above are available in tables of ten. Purchasers of tickets totaling $2500 or more in value may be asked to be seated at the dais with Sen. Goldwater.

II. I cannot attend:

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You deserve to know the facts about. . .

Israel and Human Rights

How does Israel behave in the face of Arab uprising?

The so-called "intifada," the uprising of the Arab population in the territories administered by Israel has been going on for more than a year. In that time, over 350 Arabs, mostly young people, have been killed and many have been wounded. The U.S. State Department, in its Report on Human Rights, has been critical of some aspects of Israel's human rights posture.

What are the facts?

■ Israel is a society based on law. Every measure taken by civilian or millitary authorities is scrutinized by the country's legal authorities. In dealing with the "intifada," Israel is faced with a difficult problem—the uprising of a civilian population. This is a problem very similar to that faced by the British in Northern Ireland, by the Filipinos in its southern islands and the Spanish in the Basque provinces. Responsible government has the obligation to maintain order and to preserve law and to do so with as little loss of life and with as little injury to the civilian population as possible.

■ Israel has done just that. The loss of over 350 Arab lives is of course a tragedy—every human life is precious. But seen in context, the number of casualties is really very small and a reflection on the care and restraint of the Israeli military. Israeli soldiers are confronted daily with violent riots—massive stoning and fire bombing of persons and moving vehicles, attacks with iron bars, chains, knives, Molotov cocktails and other lethal weapons. Such violence is meant to kill. Israeli soldiers and civilians have lost their lives. Almost 1300 Israelis have been injured, some of them critically.

■ The task of the IDF (Israeli Defense Forces) is made more difficult by the tactics of the Arabs in having their able-bodied adult men stay behind and having their children and their women confront the IDF. It is a no-win situation for the Israelis. They try to avoid death and injury at all cost. But death and injury are sometimes unavoidable in riot situations. Since Israel is an open society, reporters and television crews from all around the world have access to the happenings, quite a few of which are staged for their benefit. Obviously it is a public relations disaster for the Israelis to have the world see their troops confronting women and children. Those women and children, however, wish to inflect as much damage as they possibly can. They mean to kill.

■ The IDF, one of the finest armies in the world, is trained to defend the country's borders, and not for riot control. Therefore, almost inevitably, errors were made in the initial phases of the uprising. But from the very beginning, detailed instructions were given to the troops on how to react to any given provocation. The orders under which Israeli military personnel operate are specific and well known to every soldier. Those who break the rules are subject to military trial and punishment. The principles of restraint and gradual response are applied. Tear gas is used to control riots. Live bullets are fired only in life-threatening situations. But to some, every means of riot control used by the Israelis, including police batons or rubber or plastic bullets is objectionable.

■ Those residents of the territories who are suspected to have committed serious security offenses are dealt with in full accordance with international law and the humanitarian provisions of the Geneva Conventions. All residents have full access to the Israeli legal system—even to the Israeli Supreme Court. Prisons are unhappy places in every society. But Israeli prisons and detentions centers in which those arrested for security offenses are held, are fully comparable to and adhere to the standards of those in other advanced Western democracies. Certainly, not even the most rebellious Arab detainee in Israel would prefer to serve time in a Syrian, Jordanian, Iraqi or Saudi prison instead.

Within the context of massive human rights abuses throughout the Arab world, the focus on Israel seems to be entirely out of perspective. Other countries in the Middle East lack the most basic elements of human rights—freedom of speech, freedom of the press, free elections, equality for women, freedom of religion, freedom of association. Opponents, instead of facing television cameras, face execution. Those countries do not have to defend themselves against foes who are single-mindedly intent on their destruction. Yet, those nations do not draw the enormous degree of attention that Israel receives. Israel adheres to the highest moral and legal principles. It does so, surrounded though it is by implacable enemies, and consistent with its own security requirements and with its obligation to the international community to maintain law and order in the territories it administers.

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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

Volume 22 Number 5, May 1989
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A one-year subscription (12 issues) costs $27; outside the United States, $31. Foreign airmail rates sent on request. Toll free subscription number 800-341-1522. All correspondence (manuscripts, subscriptions, threatening letters, federal grants, etc.) should be sent to *The American Spectator*, P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, Virginia 22210. (703) 243-3733. In accordance with the rights granted by the First Amendment and as a matter of policy, the opinions expressed in the magazine are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the board of directors of *The American Spectator*. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes. U.S.A. newsstand distribution by Eastern News Distributor, Inc., 1130 Cleveland Road, Sandusky, Ohio 44870.

Published remarkably without regard to sex, lifestyle, race, color, creed, physical handicap, or national origin.

Economic reporting funded partially by The Pew Charitable Trusts.

The American Spectator (ISSN 0148-8414) is published monthly at 1101 N. Highland Street, Arlington, Virginia 22210. Second class postage paid at Arlington, Virginia, and additional mailing offices. One-year subscription is $27. Vol. 22, No. 5. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to: The American Spectator, P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, Virginia 22210.

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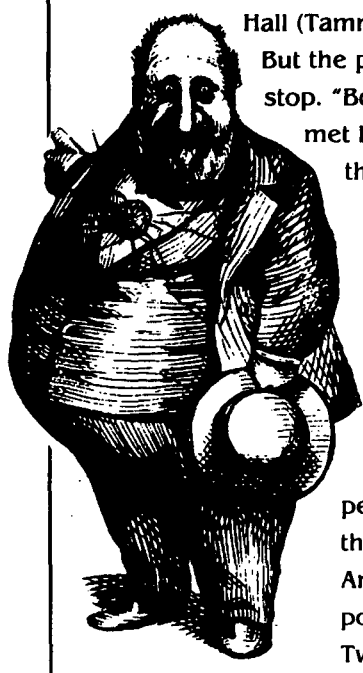
"STOP THEM DAMN PICTURES"

That's what "Boss" Tweed demanded when he saw the handwriting on the Hall (Tammany, that is). But the pictures didn't stop. "Boss" Tweed met his maker in the Ludlow Street Jail and Thomas Nast put bitingly eloquent political cartoons squarely and permanently in the middle of American political life. Tweed aside, we think Emerson had it right when he said, ***"Caricatures are often the truest history of the times."***



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Daniel G. Miller, M.D.

PREVENTION IS A KEY TO FIGHTING CANCER

A healthy lifestyle and regular examinations will help you to prevent cancer. Early detection can result in a diagnosis and cure before the cancer has spread to other parts of the body.

Publisher's note: We are delighted to have Dr. Daniel G. Miller, an eminent researcher, share his experience and unique perspective on cancer prevention with you. Dr. Miller has been the Medical Director of the Preventive Medicine Institute in New York for the past nineteen years. Prior to that he was Chief of the Lymphoma Clinic at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center.

The blessings of peace are always preferable to the ravages of war. Unfortunately, cancer is a form of "warfare." Cancer cells are "terrorist" cells which threaten to destroy the whole system. Few would disagree with the remark of the British parliamentarian who stated, "eternal vigilance is the price of freedom." But is this wisdom less applicable to our bodies than to our body politic? Yet the vigilance we apply to our nation, to protecting our families, and certainly the lavish maintenance we bestow upon our motor vehicles is almost totally absent when it comes to ourselves. This is true of us as individuals, as families, as communities, and as a nation. The prevention of chronic diseases, especially cancer, is not part of our culture and is not a high priority in our health care system.

The educated readers of this newsletter are aware of the importance of quitting smoking to minimize the risk of lung cancer, the need to avoid excessive exposure to sunlight to prevent skin cancer, and the importance of eating a high fiber, low fat diet. The National Cancer Society's recommendations with regard to stool testing, sigmoidoscopy (which allows direct examination of the lining of the colon) and mammography are well known.

After thirty-five years of research and practice in preventive medicine and cancer prevention, I have given up being an evangelist. I do not state the obvious or try to convert the recalcitrant. I believe in free will. It is your right to smoke if you wish to do so, but do not inflict the side stream smoke on others. It is your right to drink, or bake in the sun if you like. No words I write will change your lifestyle if you don't want to change it.

My concern is to assist those who wish to make a personal dedication to doing the best they can to keep cancer out of their lives and the lives of their loved ones. For this you do not need a specialized clinic. Rather you need a physician of average intelligence, one who feels the same way and will work with you by regularly ordering the simple tests available to him. You need

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William Speed, M.D.: A Heady Compendium of Aches, Pains and Algias. Headaches can interfere with the quality of your life! Learn what can be done — from the Headache Consultant to the Johns Hopkins Pain Treatment Center.

On Walking...Nature's True — and Painless — Elixir. Research findings on how walking can heighten (and even restore) both physical and mental health.

Vert Mooney, M.D.: How to Treat and Prevent Back Pain. New research and the McKenzie exercise program explained...how to "relocate" low back pain so it can be dissipated.

Steven Shepherd, M.P.H.: The Smart Way to Deliver Drugs. Innovative ways you may not be aware of, including transdermals, implants, pumps and the "osmotic pill."

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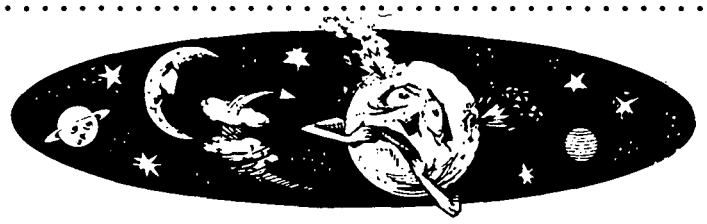

• Sigh . . . March is gone, and another winter, and with it so goes another chapter in the heroic struggles of "the homeless." It has now been nine years since the clinically insane, the transient, and the Republic's estimable hoboes were transformed into this creepy classification. Every time the mercury in one's thermometer collapses, the news howlers whoop and repine for these ciphers of the concrete. Yet not one affecting work of art has extruded from what the author Mr. J. Anthony Lukas in the *New York Times* has straightfacedly called the "writerly community," which is to say the Republic's precious novelists of a conventional and morbid cast of mind. Why has not one of these preening dunces volunteered a winter in the company of the peripatetic "homeless" disguised as one of their grim colleagues? All have endured gruesome lunches at literary joints such as Elaine's and some have written of their experiences. Surely a memoir of life with the "homeless" is due, or are we to believe that such an existence is even more mind-numbing than lunch at Elaine's? The thing is unthinkable!

• There has been labor unrest. On March 3 machinists and baggage mishandlers at Eastern Airlines walked off the job, supported by many of the airline's pilots. Worse still, it turns out that the progressive multimillionaire Mr. Arthur Carter, who presides over the left-wing *Nation*, is running a common sweatshop, and his sorely pressed slaves might strike if their demands are not met. They seek a 15 percent pay increase—quite reasonable that, considering the rising price of hallucinogens on the street. In this dispute *The American Spectator* is with the strikers. Why not smack old Carter for a 15 percent pay increase and free psychiatric care, day care, and paid sabbaticals in guruland. The fla-fla types who write for the *Nation* have their needs, and reform, Mr. Carter, begins at home.

• Proof that the Egyptians of the Fifth Dynasty were among the world's great joke-tellers was provided in abundance on March 16 when archeologists unearthed a 4,400-year-old mummy just west of the Cheops Pyramid. Adorned in jewels and wearing a bronze crown, the mummified 22-year-old girl still had a smile on her face. The Ayatollah's rough treatment of Mr. Salman Rushdie continues to have Western writers in a snit. In London, midst a correspondence in the enlightened *Independent* centering on Mr. Rushdie's plight, the authoress Miss Margaret Drabble warned that Britain itself is not free of the censor's curse; for she has discovered that a British court has now gone so far as to rule against the use of dried human fetuses in ladies' jewelry. Former rock virtuoso Mr. Cat Stevens has come out for the Ayatollah, but most artists are standing by Mr. Rushdie. Whether they are standing by Miss Drabble's jewelry makers is not known at this writing—though do not bet against it; a dried fetus dangling from an ear lobe is high art, at least among the Kukukuku of New Guinea. Mr. John J. McCloy, the wise confidant of seven presidents, died, as did the historian Francis Russell, an *American Spectator* contributor, and Austria's Empress Zita, a reader.

• The space shuttle *Discovery* went up on March 13 and landed flawlessly on the seventeenth. The Senate confirmed the Hon. Richard Cheney as an abstemious secretary of defense. Chilean fruit was recalled by the United States government and all fruit imports from Chile were being banned for six days after investigators found traces of cyanide in two mysterious Chilean grapes inside a crate at Philadelphia's Tioga Marine Terminal. It was reported that the Red Army has left 30 million mines scattered across the theretofore pristine countryside of Afghanistan, without comment by local environmental groups or even by environmental groups from the West. In Oakland, California, Mr. Luis Torres, a retired welder, has won a thrift award for his practice of separating two-ply toilet paper to save money—about twenty-three cents a roll. Runner-up was an unidentified entrant who testifies that "I regulate my bodily functions so that I go to the bathroom during work hours. This saves on water, tissue, and time. I can spend my hours at home doing something constructive, like cutting off expiration dates on coupons."

• There has been another voodoo panic among pupils at a South African township school. Forty terrified children at the Bathokwa Primary School ran amok, insisting that they saw baboons and cats in their classrooms. Parents have collected money and a witch doctor will be called in. In Singapore, Mr. Goh Choon Kwee, the noted hawker of fine foods, has been barred from advertising "Penis Soup" among the delectations on his signboard. The soup, brewed from the harmless penises of Australian goats and costing $2.50, is now advertised less spectacularly as "Organ Soup." House Republicans elected the Hon. Newt Gingrich minority whip. Something called Public Citizen Health Research Group (PCHRG) has begun an epistolary assault on the Food and Drug Administration in an attempt to halt experimentation with drugged lollipops. New Age doctors have argued that sedative-laced lollipops will be less stressful than a needle for children about to undergo general anesthesia, but the equally New Age PCHRG counters that the lollipops send children "a dangerous message." If one is serious about getting zonked, PCHRG seems to be arguing, one turns to the time-proven needle. A U.S. Public Health Service task force is warning that so high is the risk of condom failure in anal intercourse that responsible Romeos and Juliets must "consider alternative methods of expressing physical intimacy."

• The military readiness of Bangladesh has come into question. The invasion of a Bangladesh village by two untamed cows from India led to a gun battle in which two civilians were killed and six Bangladesh soldiers were injured before the cows were finally brought down. The flush toilet continues to be a very controversial item with U.S. Senator Wyche Fowler of Georgia, as does, for that matter, all indoor plumbing. Alarmed that Americans are flushing wantonly, Senator Fowler has joined with the Hon. Chester Atkins of Massachusetts to propose legislation that would restrict water flow in American domiciles by as much as 1.6 gallons per flush. In Washington, D.C., a city ambulance crew member was ejected from his vehicle by enraged paramedics after the lout got lost driving a heart patient to the Greater Southeast Community Hospital. According to the *Washington Post*, "The service has been plagued by slow response times and drivers unfamiliar with city geography," and adjacent to its story the *Post* published a helpful map of the proper route to the Greater Southeast Community Hospital.

• In Stockholm, Sweden, 150 Lutheran pastors demonstrated for higher pay from the government before the official separation of church and state in 1991. The Press Trust of India news agency reports that a single Hindu family in southern India has been tending a sacred fire for 1,128 years. Casualties were not reported. These are exciting times in Clear Springs, Maryland. There, at Rocky Haven Farm, a 1,300-pound Holstein belonging to triplet brothers gave birth to triplet calves. The trend toward marrying older women suffered a black eye when the Rev. Shirley Free-

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man, 74, a vicar in London, England, was convicted of clubbing to death his 85-year-old wife, Clarinda, after she was unable to find his favorite program on the radio. The program is "Desert Island Disc," a popular music show. According to prosecutors, the Rev. Freeman bludgeoned his wife with various objects over a two-hour period after her failure. Three state legislators in Florida introduced a bill to proscribe the barroom sport of dwarf-tossing. According to a UPI report "dwarf-tossing, in which a short person straps on a harness with handles and is hurled across a room, is believed to have originated in Australia in 1985." But it has become very popular in America among people of average height.

• The Iran-contra trial took on added interest when the comely Miss Fawn Hall testified on March 22 that she did indeed shred documents for Lt. Col. Oliver North. The following day Miss Hall nearly brought the trial back to the front page by breaking into tears while under interrogation from the defense. A New York State appeals court ruled that a former Rochester schoolteacher who murdered his supervisor nineteen years ago should receive workers' compensation, owing to job-related psychological problems. Pan American Airlines has apologized to Mr. Fred Hankins, 66, a double amputee passenger whom Pan Am employees verbally abused while carrying him onto a plane on a baggage dolly "like a sack of potatoes"—to use his daughter's formulation. Pan Am authorities are offering compensation. And the Bar Association of San Francisco, California, voted unanimously to support a change in state law backing homosexual marriage by changing the definition of marriage from a contract between a "man and a woman" to one between "two people." The move delighted homosexuals, though it might not go over equally well with animal rights militants and domestic pet-lovers. *—RET*

CORRESPONDENCE

Correction

Because of an editing mistake, Karl O'Lessker's review last month of David W. Belin's *Final Disclosure: The Full Truth About the Assassination of President Kennedy* incorrectly reports that Officer J. D. Tippit was "killed in a shoot-out at a downtown theater" in Dallas. In fact, Officer Tippit was shot on a Dallas street—nowhere near the theater where his murderer, Lee Harvey Oswald, was later arrested. We apologize to our readers and Dr. O'Lessker.

Clarifications

William Tucker's appreciation of Allan Carlson's work is well taken (*TAS*, March 1989). Although I am not in political agreement with Carlson much of the time, he is always thoughtful and thorough in his research. He knows as much, at this point, about historic and contemporary feminism as do many feminists. But I do have two complaints: (1) The last name is Elshtain, not Elstain. I know that many consonants in a row is a problem, but the "h" should really be there. (2) The story Tucker repeats of the chagrin my casual endorsement of a family wage elicited from a socialist (not a radical) feminist is misleading. I never called for "reinstituting the system" in its strong historic form which assumed a male "bread-winner," and a wife and children outside the labor market. That system could not be put back together even if we wanted it. Rather, I suggested that one or the other parent working full time or each working part time should be sufficient to keep people well above the subsistence level and to give them time to be family and community members as well as wage-earners. It was my opponent who assumed that I called for a recall of all wives from the labor market. Not so. But it is my view that parents of young children should be free not to work full time as well as free to work. This society's move away from an informal family wage now bears down most destructively on single-parent female headed households. These women find it almost impossible to sustain their families on one full-time wage. If a family-wage norm prevailed, the so-called feminization of poverty would not be so visible a phenomenon.

—Jean Bethke Elshtain
Vanderbilt University
Nashville, Tennessee

Queenan Quarked

Most people are familiar with the adage, "It is better to keep your mouth shut and let people think you are a fool than to open it and remove all doubt." I'd like to extend this for Joe Queenan, author of the review of Stephen Hawking's book *A Brief History of Time* ["Quark Bites"], in the March 1989 issue of *The American Spectator*: "It is better to open your mouth and let people think you are a fool than to loudly proclaim to the world." It has been a while since I've seen someone so completely revel in their ignorance as does Mr. Queenan. When I don't know something about a topic, I usually keep quiet and try to learn something about it. Mr. Queenan, on the other hand, a "writer for *Barron's*," lacks the humility to admit he's treading in waters way too deep for him.

I also have some problems with Mr. Hawking's book, but my comments address the style and substance of the book rather than my non-understanding of it, as does Mr. Queenan. For example, he's upset over the fact that Mr. Hawking's figures are (1) "too round" and (2) unsupported by calculations. Well, Mr. Queenan, any student of basic astronomy or physics will tell you that much of the time the best one can do is calculate the order of magnitude of a number. It is enough to know, for example, that the distance to something is 10, which means greater than 1 and less than 100. Secondly, the job of a good writer is to spare the reader the calculations and present the results. Would Mr. Queenan really have been satisfied to have the pages of calculations showing how the results were derived? If he is not capable of following the English of the text, I doubt he would have understood the calculations.

Mr. Queenan also cites some text from the book as examples of incomprehensibility. Unquestionably, this book is not easy reading. However, the beauty of science is that defining and understanding terms allows for great compactness of writing. Thus, the examples that Mr. Queenan cites are crystal clear if one knows the definitions of the words in the text. While Mr. Hawking may or may not be faulted for not defining his terms precisely, the reader can't blame the author for using the words of his subject. It's interesting that Mr. Queenan liked James Gleick's book *Chaos*, because the author is a journalist. Precisely for that reason I found *Chaos* a boring, overstuffed tome of little scientific content.

Many years ago, C. P. Snow wrote of the widening chasm between what he called "the two cultures." Sadly, people like Mr. Queenan show that the gap is still there. Mr. Queenan would probably be shocked if his readers had no familiarity with terms like infinitives, clauses, and punctuation, and names like Shakespeare, Shelley, and Tom Wolfe. Yet he is proud to acknowledge his basic ignorance of science. Mr. Queenan, get thee to a physics lecture!

—Stephan Gross
AT&T Bell Labs
Holmdel, New Jersey

Joe Queenan replies:

Mr. Gross, from AT&T Bell Labs, says, "When I don't know something about a topic, I usually keep quiet." I had been wondering why we hadn't heard from you in some time, Steve. All of Gross's comments only serve to reconfirm the point I was trying to make: that Hawking's book is useless and incomprehensible to the audience it is aimed at, namely, the general reader. It worries me that someone who works in the phone business finds Hawking's prose "crystal clear." I get MCI anyway. As to Gross's comments about the "widening chasm" between the two cultures, I think he means the widening chasm between the *three* cultures: people who understand physics, people who don't understand physics, and people who still quote C. P. Snow.

Happiness and the West

Kenneth Minogue exhibits not the slightest awareness of the major conceptions of happiness in Western philosophical thought or of the intellectual foundation of this country's constitutional form of government (review of *In Pursuit: Of Happiness and Good Government*, *TAS*, February 1989). As a result, I find it impossible to discern precisely which of Charles Murray's views are within the Western tradition.

There are two, and only two, major conceptions of happiness in Western philosophical thought: the modernist view that happiness is a psychological state represented by a feeling of contentment produced by the satisfaction of our momentary desires; and the ancient view that happiness results from a whole life well-lived.

Mr. Minogue endorses and attributes to Murray elements of both views—a feat to be admired by an Oriental mind, perhaps; but disconcerting to those of us raised in the Western tradition of noncontradiction. On the one hand, he states his own belief that "Happiness depends in part upon the person in question" and implies that Murray views self-respect as a requisite because "To enjoy self-respect means that one must *feel* that one is a net contributor to the world. . . ." Both statements are to be attributed to the view that happiness is a psychological, rather than an ethical, state. On the other hand, he states that government may affect only a person's "enabling conditions" and tells us that Murray is guided by Aristo-

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EDITORIALS

WORST BOOKS OF THE YEAR

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

My fellow Americans, it is that time of year for *The American Spectator* to confer its J. Gordon Coogler Award upon the past year's worst books of fiction and non-fiction. The award, named after the most imbecilic of the country's imbecilic poets, has been won by some of the most celebrated writers of our time, thus answering the oft-repeated question, "Why can't Johnny read?" The answer is that contemporary writers produce little worth reading.

Consider the winners of this year's Cooglers. Few normal people would read such claptrap unless under duress. The Coogler Committee's judges have decided that the worst non-fiction work of 1988 was Tom Hayden's turgid and dissembling memoir, *Reunion*. They have chosen as the worst work of fiction Salman Rushdie's *The Satanic Verses*, and I have been asked by them to extend special thanks to the Rev. Ayatollah R. Khomeini for bringing the book to our attention. As Mr. Rushdie's earlier writing has been quite good, no member of the Coogler Committee had thought to inspect his new book as a prospective award-winner. Had the Rev. Khomeini merely pointed out that this new book is stupefyingly tiresome, he would have served the reading public well. Alas, as usual the Rev. went overboard, this time requiring that Mr. Rushdie be put to death. Well, no good can come of it. The book is selling prodigiously, and Mr. Rushdie has had to seek police protection from Prime Minister Thatcher, whom he has previously accused of running a police state. This must be very embarrassing for him.

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

It is possible, of course, that he does not sense the hypocrisy. He seems to be utterly unaware of the contradictions that abound in his book. Essentially, the 541-page tome consists of four or five gobs of prose, including the one that caught the Rev. Ayatollah's eye. The offending passage is indeed quite rude, but readers unfamiliar with Islam will find it inscrutable. Rushdie is one of those contemporary writers who think and write in grotesqueries, his brain being a very inaccurate instrument. He believes America is an empire, Britain fascist, the Third World innocent and virtuous. He is one of those writers who are rewarded for promoting as truth the precise opposite of the truth. And now his life depends on the effectiveness of Mrs. Thatcher's cops. Perhaps in his solitude he is even contemplating more fiction. If he is, I hope he will be aware of his frailty as a writer. He writes lush prose for the ear, not for the eye. To him, words are pretty things, but without meaning. Now he knows otherwise.

Mr. Hayden, too, has no regard for the meaning of words. Unfortunately, he is also bereft of Mr. Rushdie's aural sense of the language. Hence he composes such sentences as "I believe that positive personal and political behavior depends on constructive responses to protest from respected authorities." No Coogler judge has yet been able to make any sense of this monstrosity beyond the words "I believe." And what Mr. Hayden has believed over the years is as nonsensical as a five-year-old's discourse on the Easter Bunny. As a leader of the New Left in the early 1960s, he believed in overthrowing the government of the United States because his parents were strict. He remains proud of that position today, and with ridiculous solemnity attests that he was shaped by the works of J. D. Salinger, James Dean, and Jack Kerouac. Doubtless at some point he was also edified by Snoopy. This is pure American jimcrack.

I had the good fortune of debating the contents of this book with Mr. Hayden in New York last fall. Then I did not realize that he is such an ungainly writer. I did note that he considers himself a "born-again middle American." Surely we can all welcome him to the bourgeoisie, but let him make a candid acknowledgement of his violent past. Contrary to his present claims he never was a Liberal thwarted by an unresponsive political system. The New Left hated Liberals and the Robert Kennedy he now claims to have revered. A few days before Kennedy's assassination, writer Todd Gitlin cites him as calling Kennedy "a little fascist." In a 1966 issue of *Partisan Review* Mr. Hayden suggested that it would be in the best interests of his youthful revolution if someone set New York and Washington afire. The former radical Peter Collier writes of the time in 1969 when Mr. Hayden tried to hornswoggle Black Panthers into shooting down a police helicopter, and at the Newark riots journalist-researcher Eugene Methvin identifies Hayden as a dispenser of Molotov cocktails.

America is cruel to its revolutionaries. They start out full of fierce revolutionary resolve, and as Mr. Hayden demonstrates in this windy book, they end up as cranks. Lenin born in Omaha would have become a spokesman for nudism or something even sillier but certainly not dangerous. Mr. Hayden became a Dukakis supporter. But even a crank should fess up about his brutal past. So Tom, it is a Coogler for you. Felicitations! □

TED AND I AGREE

Every year or so Senator Edward M. Kennedy, Keeper of the Liberal Flame, and I agree on something. I cannot explain this strange occurrence. Ever since approximately 1968 he has dedicated himself to ideas that are stupendously inaccurate, while I have been devoted to pursuit of the unvarnished truth. Yet here we are once again in sweet agreement; and, most astonishingly of all, his ideas are sound—at least for the most part. Well, even a stopped clock is right twice a day. Senator Kennedy cannot be wrong all the time. Only George McGovern accomplished that feat.

What has brought Senator Kennedy and me into this condition of blissful concord is his recent State of Liberalism speech. He gives these orations

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about every other year; and, come to think of it, the last time we were in agreement was on the occasion of his last State of Liberalism speech. Both of us are of the opinion that Liberalism is in trouble. We differ over the profundity of Liberalism's troubles. He offers various cures. I offer Liberalism a burial plot.

Speaking in New Haven on March 6, Senator Kennedy complimented former President Ronald Reagan for being "proved right" on how to effect arms reductions with the Soviet Union. He criticized the 1988 Democratic presidential campaign for having "no compelling Democratic message." And, most trenchantly, Senator Kennedy noted that "Whether we agreed with him or not, Ronald Reagan was a successful candidate and an effective President above all else because he stood for a set of ideas." Those insights are irreproachable and, coming from a Liberal of Senator Kennedy's fervor, admirable.

The senator would have shined still more in my admiration had he added that Ronald Reagan's set of ideas was sound and responsible for the peace and prosperity of the present. But perhaps that will come in the next State of Liberalism speech. Senator Kennedy did say that President Reagan took his ideas and "wrote most of them not only into public law, but into the national consciousness." Furthermore, there is evidence in Senator Kennedy's speech that he no longer advocates such antique nostrums as one mandatory national health-care program or one national day-care program. He now favors something called "mandated benefits," which is to say laws forcing all businesses (whether prosperous or not) to pick up the costs of health care, day care, and leaves for parents of newborn children; and, alas, he still favors an increased minimum wage, notwithstanding the evidence that with every increase more marginal workers are thrown out of work.

His faith in "mandated benefits" reassures me that Senator Kennedy remains in the dark about a major change Ronald Reagan brought about in "the

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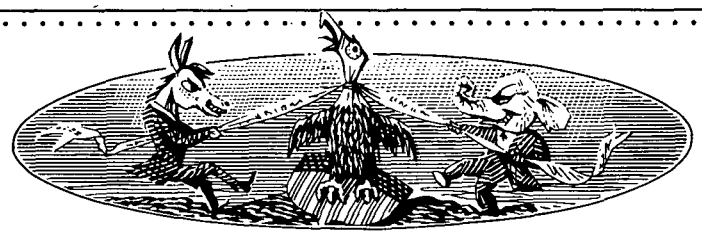
CAPITOL IDEAS



THE COLONY OF EL SALVADOR

by Tom Bethell

The most important task facing the U.S. today is promoting free-market, private-property based economies abroad, particularly in Latin America. Recently, however, the most serious obstruction to such progress has itself originated in the U.S. In part the problem has been ill-informed bankers who don't understand that the institutions that make our system work are not in place in most countries of the world. They don't understand that a large chunk of money, which they think of as capital, ceases to be capital once it arrives in the hands of foreign officials who cannot be held accountable for their disposition of it. Economists are also at fault: they seem not to understand the difference between investment and consumption (a dollar of consumption adds as much to GNP as a dollar of investment in their loony scheme of GNP accounting); and a particularly offensive form of obstruction has come from development experts and Foreign Service officers who believe, by analogy with homeopathic medicine, that a small dose of socialism is needed to "inoculate" a country against a large dose of Communism.

We injected a poisonous dose of homeopathic medicine into El Salvador, with very bad results. We also prescribed elections, and the good news is that, in March, Alfredo Christiani's Arena party won the presidential contest. Now they can rid themselves of this poison. In one newspaper account, it was reported that Arena has "anti-American" overtones. I wonder why?

We now go back in time nine months, to the summer of 1988.

As in all semisocialist countries, the telephones in El Salvador work only occasionally. Seven or eight times, on different days, I tried to phone a number in the capital, San Salvador, but all I heard was a recorded message saying that all lines into the country were tied up. But one day, out of the blue, I reached Mr. Aguilar. He was reluctant to be identified more precisely. "They are vengeful people and I do not want to get into trouble," he said. There had recently been an easing of tension in El Salvador, he said, since the March 1988 defeat of the U.S.-supported Christian Democrats in the legislative elections, otherwise he wouldn't be talking to me at all.

Mr. Aguilar is one of the 469 farmers who, one day in 1980, were run off their own property—Salvadoran victims of what is euphemistically called "land reform." Their land was "intervened," in the Orwellian language of Roy Prosterman, the University of Washington law professor who helped devise the expropriation scheme in El Salvador.

This is what Mr. Aguilar told me: "On March 10, 1980, two truckfuls of soldiers went to the farm and told everybody to leave immediately. They were armed soldiers. No one else had guns, you know. We had a big farm —1,300 head of cattle, cotton, baby corn, sugar cane. About 1,500 acres. The man who was fumigating the cotton fields changed clothes in a special room. But they wouldn't even let him go back and change his clothes. And they wanted to take over his plane as well. Just ran everybody off right then and there. We weren't told, 'today we're going to take over your land,' no. They just came into the different haciendas and took them over by force.

"So they took over the farm and they established a cooperative, with sixty members. And they got financed to plant corn. But they had a very poor crop because nobody worked. They thought of themselves as 'owners' and they thought: 'Owners do not work.' So they had all this idle membership. And they were being paid anyway—paid by the government.

"None of these cooperatives have worked, you know. The cooperative that was once my farm now owes the government $4.5 million, to date. Nobody has worked on it for the last two years because they were not given any more money—they do such a poor job of producing. I think the sixty are still on the farm but they don't get any pay from the government. I had seven tractors, a big workshop. That's all empty of all the tools I had there. And the tractors are not around.

"At first the government told them to spend all the money they needed. They just threw it at them. On payday four different paymasters came to the same farm. Between them they brought 78,000 *colones*, and 10,000 *colones* was the payroll. All the cooperative members were saying they were going to get paid for two years and that would be enough for them to get fixed for life.

"The man who ran the show was the ambassador of the United States, Robert White. About a week after the agrarian reform was put into effect, they asked White how it was going. And he said on TV, '*Divinamente!*' He said it in Spanish, and he said it perfectly. And we were all being driven off the land."

The agents of the government of El Salvador were able to show up on payday with almost eight times the payroll because at that point the money was coming from the U.S. taxpayers, courtesy of the Agency for International Development. Over $200 million had been shipped south to pay for this socialist experiment. In the past decade the U.S. government has spent about $3.5 billion of taxpayers' money in El Salvador.

The cooperative members never were given the land, Mr. Aguilar stressed. They were told that they owned it in common. No individual shares were apportioned, or land titles given. This was to ensure that the co-op members did not sell the land back to the original owners. The result was that the new "owners" were reduced to the status of serfs. Their ownership-in-common gave rise to the free-rider problem, discouraging all from working. And to make matters worse they could not (even collectively) sell the land to anyone, and so had no incentive to maintain its value—especially since they were being paid anyway. (Much the same thing hap-

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

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pened—without the U.S. funding—when Mexican farmland was reformed into the *ejido* system in the 1920s.) Some of the most productive land in El Salvador was collectivized. It was nationalized. If anything this was a more extreme version of what happened in Nicaragua at the same time. El Salvador's banks and coffee industry were simultaneously nationalized.

At the end of 1980 the then junta president Jose Napoleon Duarte said: "The Salvadoran revolution is now exporting food to the Nicaraguan revolution." But El Salvador went rapidly from being a net exporter to an importer of food today. By 1986 the country was receiving over $50 million a year in food aid from the U.S.

It is important to be clear about this. Some of my conservative friends fondly imagine that American passportholders by definition do the right thing, that American influence is de facto benign, and that wherever the American flag is flying, American ideals are being extended. The truth is that within a matter of a few months, socialism was brought to two Latin American countries, El Salvador (mostly under U.S. auspices) and Nicaragua (under Soviet and Cuban auspices). We have supported elections, but with no great enthusiasm. This year the State Department urged Duarte to postpone the election because the bad guys (Arena) were ahead, and in the 1984 election the CIA intervened to help elect Duarte, at the expense of Roberto D'Aubuisson, whose connection with "death squads" is always alleged. There really were death squads, and they had their origin (as we are never told) in the fury of the owners who had been driven from their own land without so much as the pretense that they had acquired this land unjustly or had done anything to deserve so vengeful a fate.

Throughout the Reagan years the socialist experiment in El Salvador continued. Leftists on Capitol Hill were of course happy to keep the U.S. taxpayers' money flowing to achieve the goal that they are unable to achieve at home. As for President Reagan, it is not clear that he ever really knew what was going on. He was told that good things were happening because land was being given to more people. In 1984, at a coffee hour after Mass at Annunciation Church on Massachusetts Avenue in Washington, D.C., I asked the director of the CIA, William Casey, about the U.S. role in El Salvador, specifically if he thought the President knew about this paradox: Reaganomics at home and collectivism in El Salvador. Casey emphatically shook his jowls. "No no," he said, "he wouldn't know about something like that." I did not at the time know about the CIA involvement in the Duarte election. (Notice, by the way, that this was one CIA action the liberals kept quiet about—one more proof if any is needed that their professed dedication to *procedure* masks a more deeply felt commitment to *substance*.)

About a year later I spoke to an aide to Peter McPherson, then the administrator of the Agency for International Development. By this time AID knew that its (our) money was being used to finance socialism, and that El Salvador's GNP had declined by 23 percent from 1979 to 1983. (This according to the distorted accounting procedures that exaggerate GNP in all socialist countries.) The McPherson aide told me the problem was that Duarte was a committed socialist, which was why we were stuck with his destructive land reform.

A couple of days after the recent election of Alfredo Christiani, I spoke to former Assistant Secretary of State Elliott Abrams, now at the Heritage Foundation, and asked him the same question I had asked the AID official. How come the U.S government went along with this outrage?

"Because Duarte believed in it," he said. "It would have been a constant,

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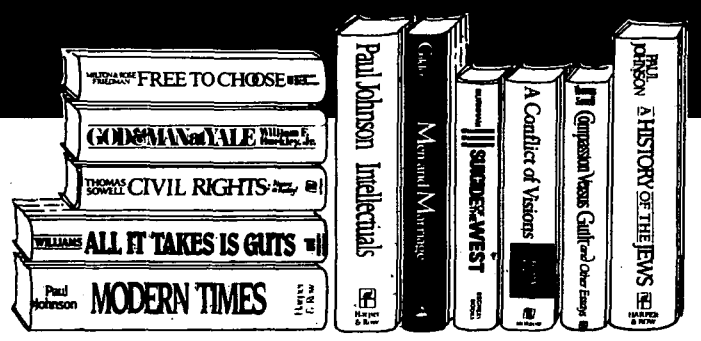
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horrible struggle with Duarte, who was after all president. We didn't agree with some of the things he did. George Shultz certainly didn't. But it was the price you paid for having Duarte. He was a brave, admirable democrat when it came to politics; and was, is, essentially a socialist when it comes to economics. Secondly, the idea of breaking the back of the old economic oligarchy was something that we did support. The country had been run for decades by the army and the oligarchy. Duarte wanted to stop that, and we agreed."

I have never seen this "oligarchy" defined. Almost 500 of these large haciendas were expropriated in Phase I of the land reform. How would we feel if foreigners decided that the Fortune 500 constitute an oligarchy and should be nationalized, providing the funds for some convenient demagogue to round up the corporate officers at gun point and drive the employees from their offices, without permitting them to clean out their desks, later telling these employees that they "owned" the corporations but could possess no shares and could not sell the businesses to anyone?

Christiani plans to restore property rights, not by bringing back the status quo ante but by dividing the collective farms into shares and then elevating co-op members from serfs to citizens by giving them title to these shares. For this he has been vilified by the ignoramuses of the U.S. press corps as heading a "hard-line, right-wing government." The *Los Angeles Times* compared Christiani's election to the Nazi electoral victory in 1933. Seeing the world through a leftist lens, Lindsey Gruson of the *New York Times* shows no comprehension of the underlying economic problem, and referred to El Salvador, the same size and less populated than Massachusetts, as an "overpopulated country." This spoke volumes about the unconscious imperialism of American liberals abroad.

I spoke to Ambassador White, now with the International Center for Development Policy in Washington, D.C. "I am not an expert on land reform," he said, "but there would be nothing wrong, in my view, with giving the peasants this land in a fair way." He worried that the peons would sell back to the original owners, or wouldn't be given enough credit or enough fertilizer. But he straightforwardly referred to the 1980 land reform as a "nationalization" and said he didn't "hold any brief for production co-ops—I'm really uncertain that they can be made to work." He would have preferred a land-tax, Henry George-style. Now he tells us! The election of Christiani was "a pretty solid defeat for U.S. policy," he said. This has a kind of back-handed, ironical truth: Duarte and the Reagan Administration continued the policies that Ambassador White himself inaugurated.

A couple of days before the Salvadoran election, I asked Vice President Dan Quayle a question about El Salvador, knowing he had recently visited there. Omitting the "economic context," he said, but considering only "the political," he thought that Duarte had been "a very good president." But you can't just omit the economic, which underlies the whole of life. If property is not secure, nothing is secure. Half of El Salvador is unemployed, one-third on the U.S. foreign-aid dole, and a good portion illegally resident in the U.S.

Christiani should distribute firearms as well as land titles to the peasants. (The Communists already have guns, and as has been shown in Guatemala, they are largely impotent against an armed population.) Thereupon, with the correct economic incentives restored, Christiani could view the prospective cutoff of aid (now on the top of the agenda for the U.S. left) as more promise than threat. American officials emerging from the embassy in San Salvador should be watched closely and if necessary escorted to the airport.□

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Alex Heard

ORATORY IN THE MODERN SENATE

A dutiful reporter braves the tedium of the Tower debate to gather up specimens of senatorial magniloquence—before they could be edited by the senators' translators.

"This will probably be as bloody as any debates held on this floor since the Civil War."

—Senator Steve Symms, the night before the Tower debate

"If we've offended anyone, we apologize to everyone all at once."

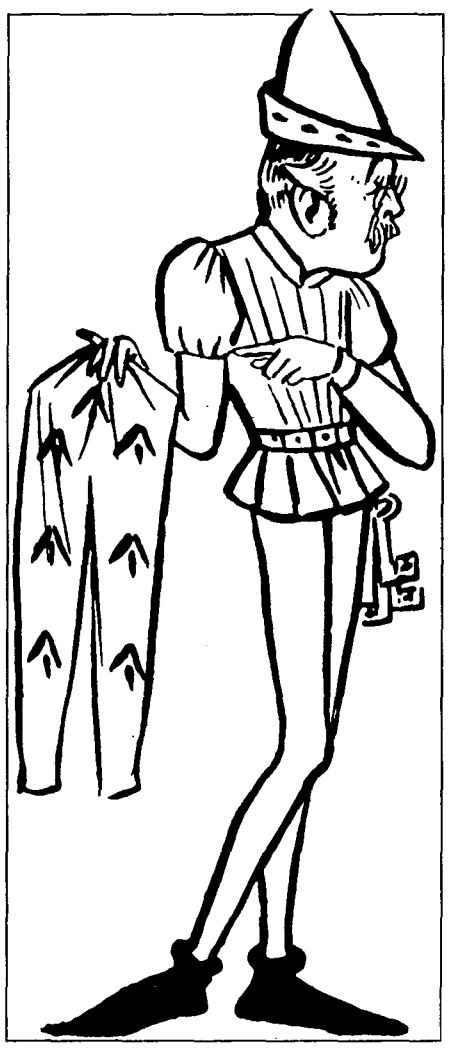
—Senator Robert Dole, on the next to last day

On March 2, when Sam Nunn opened the Tower debate with a lawyerly summation, I squirmed and groaned in my gallery seat. In a decade of occasional Senate watching, all the debates I'd seen had been dull, and this was supposed to be different. This was supposed to be the most "rancorous clash" in twenty-five years. This was supposed to feature verbal eye-gouging and hoarse stands by Jimmy Stewartish senators who would collapse as they waved SAVE TOWER! telegrams sent by Midwestern cub scouts. In short, this was supposed to be fun. It was not supposed to be Senator Technocrat droning through a legal brief.

I reacted too quickly, of course—arguments did get saucy at times—but the little-known truth about the Tower debate is that 95 percent of it was tedious. What you saw on the evening news were rare stretches of rancor-footage culled from hours and hours of Nunn-talk. Most of the debate exactly matched the description by *New York Times*man Warren Weaver in his 1972 book on Congress, *Both Your Houses*: " 'Debate' . . . almost always consists of a series of end-to-end speeches by senators . . . [many] overlapping those that have come before and those yet to come. Very few senators come to the floor to listen to such speeches. Since hardly anyone is on the floor, the instances are limited when one senator interrupts . . . with a challenging question that could qualify as debate."

Alex Heard is a writer living in Washington, D.C.

For the better part of six days it was thus. Senators came in, read arguments that had already been delivered many times, and hung around briefly before clocking out. Usually, as a senator read, only two or three others were on the floor listening, including a couple from the opposition who had ears cocked for a factual error they could bitch about. These dustups accounted for most of the "debate." Granted, they seemed dramatic at the time, especially when one was suffering leadbutt from sitting through hours of uncombative verbiage. When John McCain interrupted John Glenn on opening day, for example, because Glenn had quoted words from the forbidden FBI report, he started a rousing free-for-all that brought seventeen senators to the floor. But such arguments, which were about procedural details, soon vanished from memory.



Even during these flashpoints, the rancor was expressed more by loudness than by rhetoric. Today's senators like to yell, but they don't like to call each other malfeasant snake-in-the-grass or Mofo. Future historians who study the allegedly furious Tower debate in the *Congressional Record* will be puzzled by breathless contemporary newspaper accounts of "shock waves reverberating through the Senate," because the *Record* does not use exclamation points, all-capital-letter sentences, italics, or other guides to volume and tone. Without these, the hottest moment in the debate—the nasty shouting match between Ernest Hollings and Bob Dole over whether Hollings had or had not called Tower an alcoholic—rings flat:

MR. HOLLINGS: I repeat my challenge to point to any instance in the record where I have been vicious or have attacked the gentleman [Tower], when in truth, I have come down as best I can in a deliberate and cautious fashion.
MR. DOLE: Well, I want to quote the exact thing. "Mr. Alcohol Abuser."
MR. HOLLINGS: Yes, I said only that he abuses alcohol.
MR. DOLE: Is that not a vicious personal attack on a former colleague?
MR. HOLLINGS: No, the record is he is an alcohol abuser.
MR. DOLE: That is not the record. You know that is not the record.

It was Senator Symms, not I, who compared this Alfonse and Gaston Nerf-Mitt boxing match to the truly rancorous old days, so it's fair to look at Then versus Now. In May 1856, Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts damned South Carolina's Andrew Butler and Illinois's Stephen Douglas with tart words that prompted Representative Preston Brooks of South Carolina to enter the Senate chamber two days later and beat Sumner on the head with a cane, nearly killing him. About Douglas, who had written the bill that would allow slavery in the proposed Kansas territory, Sumner ranted: "No person with the upright form of a man can be allowed, without violation of all decency, to switch out from his tongue the perpetual stench of offensive personality. . . . The noisome, squat, and nameless animal, to which I now refer, is not a proper model for an American Senator." Now them's what I call fightin' words.

So, am I suggesting that modern senators talk like that? No. (Sorry, make that: *NOO!!*) All in all, as I learned the hard way during three days in the press gallery, it's best that our senators restrict themselves to nasal, Nunnian argument, because these guys just can't make high-flying (or low-punching) oratory "work" in the theatrical sense. I don't know why. It probably has something to do with TV, legal education, and a congenital lack of wit. All I know is that, starting with John Warner's early, feeble attempt at a flourish ("[When John Tower left the Senate] I remember so well, thinking at that time, that at long last he could devote more time to his family, and to those many interests that all of us have but which Senate duties have precluded the pursuit thereof"), through many fumbled metaphors (Trent Lott—"Do not be weighted down by the trees. Look at the big picture"; Ernest Hollings—"[This pro-Tower] editorial poses as an attack dog for fairness, but in truth it is a partisan poodle echoing the most hackneyed lines of Senator Tower's defenders"), and on to the bitter, uninspired end, every senator who tried to scale oratorical peaks stepped on his tongue and (as the senators might phrase it themselves) crash-landed his trial balloon on the Ashheap of Eloquence.

Again, most didn't *try* for eloquence, and with the exception of folksy westerners such as Alan K. Simpson ("If

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people are telling lies about you, [you should] scrap. . . . This old cowboy would never walk away from that"), most rhetoric-minded senators used the high-school orator's technique of letting literature speak for them. This can work, but as any high school speech coach will tell you, there are rules to bear in mind: (1) You should be sure that the kid who spoke immediately before you didn't *already* say, "The sixties. In many ways they were, as Mr. Charles Dickens aptly put it, 'The best of times, and the worst of times.'" (2) Your literary allusion should make sense. (3) You shouldn't overdo it, otherwise you'll come off like a snotty little show-off.

The senators smashed these rules. You probably heard that several GOP speakers noted the fact that Ulysses S. Grant and Winston Churchill were big boozers. Senator Phil Gramm was first and most dramatic: "Winston Churchill, who was a voice of the free world, who stood alone against Nazi aggression, consumed more liquor on an average basis than anyone has ever accused John Tower of consuming. Was he unfit? *Ask Hitler's Ghost!*" Still, the argument had enough inherent flaws—Grant, after all, was a crummy executive, and the yoking of Churchill and Tower in the listener's mind was, at best, unfortunate for the diminutive Texan—that once should have been enough. But senators kept doing it, each time with a pathetic air of having just thought up something very new and profound. "Suppose," Ted Stevens brayed on Day Two, "that a witness [at the Tower hearings] had come in and said something like this: 'Remaining within reach are the jam and a weak scotch-and-soda—always Johnny Walker Red—which the prostrate . . . [here Stevens paused to verbally "edit out" the secret name] will occasionally sip over the next four hours in the tradition of Palmerston, Pitt and Baldwin." Oops! Tip-off. Still, Stevens dramatically read the rest of a long passage from William Manchester's *The Last Lion*, then sighed and said, "You know who it is: *Winston Churchill.*"

Steve Symms violated Speech Rule 2 when he quoted *Lonesome Dove*. Note how the image he refers to—a journey of *oblige* by a faithful friend—has nothing to do with the point he shoehorns into it. "I read the book," Symms said, "and the movie was very well done. At the end, Gus McCrae is carried back to the Rio Grande to be buried by his lifelong friend, Woodrow Call. And it reminds me of what is happening here. It is as though our colleagues in the majority party seem to be under some kind of an illusion that they are going to be able to take Senator Tower down to the Rio Grande and bury him along the orchards of the Lonesome Dove and not have a whoooooole bunch of senators accompanying that burial scene."

Trent Lott topped this by quoting nineteenth-century Mississippi Senator L.Q.C. Lamar, who (uh oh) "used to quote mythology." Reading Lamar's speeches, Lott came across a reference to Prometheus. "It was a case where Prometheus was bound to the rock, but it was not an eagle, but a vulture that buried his beak in the tortured vitals of the victim.

"It is almost the way I feel here today. In acting upon this nomination, is this body, great institution that I feel so honored to serve in, going to soar like an eagle as it has in the past and do what is right in its relation with the President and the defense of this country, our country? Or, like the vulture did to Prometheus, will we bury our beak in the vitals of our victim who has been one of our own?"

Finally, ignoring Rule 3, there was the Senate's resident poet, William Cohen, who in one brief speech quoted at length from Gore Vidal's *Washington, D.C.*, Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*, and T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*. "Perhaps," Cohen gamely admitted, "I indulge too much in reading of literature."

The partisan reader will have noted that I haven't quoted many Democrats. This is because they were playing the soft-spoken, grave, we're-only-doing-our-advise-and-consent-duty number. (And Ted Kennedy, who delivered a memorable anti-Bork tirade, was for obvious reasons kept on a short leash.) Still, the single strangest ramble of the debate passed the lips of—who else?—Senator Hollings, who in a bravura, ping-pong-logic speech lurched from a refutation of Symms's *Lonesome Dove* metaphor, to Ronald Reagan's dislike of big government, to how Mr. Bush had been kind enough to take him on a tour of the second floor of the White House (". . . where Ronnie Reagan did his weight lifting"), to a bellowed demand that President Bush release the FBI report NOW, to indiscriminate charges about Tower's drinking, to an observation that he (Hollings) should get larger contributions from defense contractors, and on to much, much more. If you want to review this oratorical spasm, though, try to get C-SPAN tapes. Don't use the *Congressional Record*, which, with the advice and consent of staff aides, routinely tidies up remarks so that they make sense, even if they didn't when spoken. In a passage regarding the number of servicemen dismissed for alcohol abuse, the *Record* has Hollings saying:

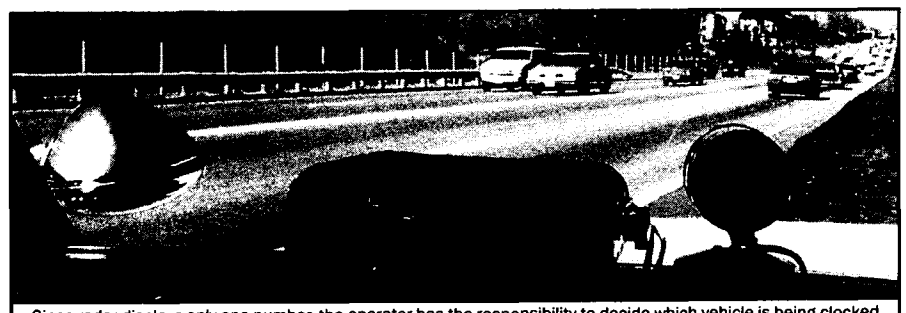
In 1987, there were 415 of them. So this is my test. How do you swear in as Secretary of Defense, an individual who must deal with thousands of alcohol abuse cases, when he is a known alcoholic abuser himself. Man, what are we talking about in this body? What are we debating? This is an open-and-shut case. The man has a problem, let him handle the problem. . . . The entire discipline of our armed services depends upon this. And here we dare to quibble, "Was he on duty?" "Did you see him on the floor?" And all of these other things.

"Man, what you talking about in this body? Jumpin' on all the senators and everythin' else! Ain't no marginal case of this kind!"

I taped Hollings, and what he actually said (pardon me, yelled) was:

And just in the alcohol, in the year 1987, was 414 military! Now if you gettin' 400 and some a year, that's my test! How can I put in a Secretary of Defense that on an average of—really dealing with 400 and some-odd alcohol abuse cases, and put in Mr. Alcoholic Abuser as Secretary of Defense? Man, what you talking about in this body? Jumpin' on all the senators and everythin' else! Ain't no marginal case of this kind! The fella's got a problem, let him handle the problem. . . . The entire discipline thing depends upon this. And here we come and we say, Was he on duty? Did you see him on the floor? And all of these other things . . .

Providing the best indicator of how much Senate clubbiness did *not* break down during the Tower debate, Trent Lott, who followed Hollings, said, "I proceed here with some trepidation this afternoon, following the great orator, the Senator from South Carolina." □



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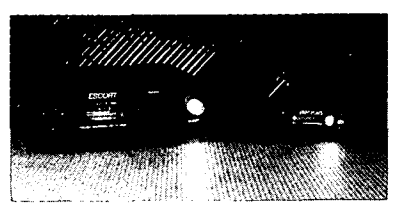

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Micah Morrison

¡ADIOS, GENERAL!

Our new roving correspondent travels to Chile and reports on its return to democracy now made perilous by Pinochet's whims.

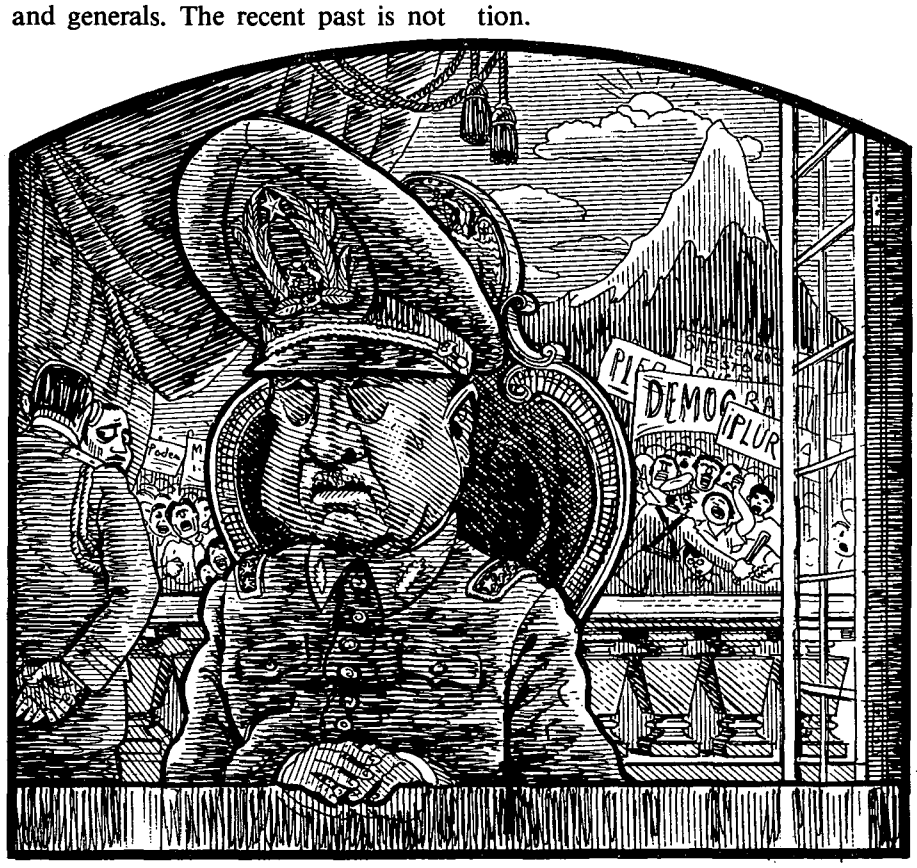
Santiago, Chile

Modern Santiago is trying hard to escape the geography of its isolation, but that may be an impossible task. The Andes are massed at the eastern border of the city, snow-filled saddles loom in the blue silence beyond the summer haze and smog and traffic-addled roar; great peaks, wild, remote, lurk behind the high ridges. Foothills work into the heart of the Chilean capital and curve around it like a claw. Westward, the coastal mountains complete the encirclement. Like Santiago, Chile has always been defined by its fierce terrain: the north-south Andean barricade; the vast emptiness of the Pacific opposite the mountains, on the other side of a narrow land no more than 380 kilometers across its widest point; far to the north, sectors of the mineral-rich Atacama Desert have never seen a drop of rain; far, far to the south, harsh winds and rains whipping off the razored mountains and passes of the Strait of Magellan and Tierra del Fuego ceaselessly assault those rare souls trying to sink roots in the rocky soil.

It has never been an easy land to subdue. The remotest sanctuaries of the great Inca Empire faltered north of where Santiago now stands. The Mapuche Indians of the south battled the Spanish for years. Between the mountains and the sea in much of Chile are rich valleys, and it was these lands the Spanish conquistador Pedro de Valdiva divided among his followers. But before the spoils came the wars: Valdiva's expedition hacked its way down from Peru in 1540, crossed the deadly Atacama, and moved on to establish Santiago on a strategic hill he named Santa Lucia. There he was promptly surrounded, besieged, and all but wiped out by the Mapuche. After a few years the Mapuche were beaten back and Valdiva pressed southward, only to meet his death at the hands of his old enemy. According to one legend—no doubt apocryphal in its brilliant reply to Spain's lust for treasure—Valdiva was tied to a tree and molten gold poured down his throat.

Land and wealth and armies still drive Chile's destiny—and though many things are changing here, many things remain the same. History long ago closed the chapter on Pedro de Valdiva: he is remembered in statues and banknotes, and in the rough stone steps and battlements, the palm-shaded walkways and fountains that form the municipal park on Santa Lucia Hill, now in the center of the city. Between the Imperial Spanish expeditions and Chile's latest chapter are a thousand tales of adventurers and aristocrats, Indians and immigrants, workers and landowners, presidents and generals. The recent past is not exactly, as many Chileans will tell you, "a 150-year history of uninterrupted constitutional rule" until the 1973 coup, but it is, as far as national histories go, largely an honorable one, lurching between progress and reaction. Power, democratic institutions, constitutional order—the political geography of Chile has long shifted and trembled. Prone to earthquakes, like the land itself.

"Soon the chapter will close," a Chilean politician said to me on a sunny Santiago day, "and history will decide." Today Chileans are looking to the future, willing for the moment to put the past behind them, wary of earthquakes. It is a time of hope and trepidation and mild astonishment: for his Excellency, General of the Army, President of the Republic, Augusto Pinochet Ugarte, after fifteen years of military rule, has decreed that come December, with the help of Almighty God, there will be an election.



These are strange times in Chile. Last October the powerful *presidente* arranged for a plebiscite, a Yes or No vote on the continuation of his rule, counting on the historically feuding opposition and vivid memories of the chaotic 1970-1973 presidency of the leftist Salvador Allende to deliver a Yes vote. Instead, the opposition united in a 17-party "Command for the No," brilliantly exploited the limited maneuvering room granted by the military regime, and pulled off a convincing victory. (For a guide to the Chilean body politic, see pages 18 and 19.) Now Pinochet is bound by a constitution of his own creation to hold presidential and congressional elections.

Odd reversals and alliances are shaping Chile. Where the Chilean left once complained of American "interference," now one hears those complaints coming mostly from the right. Washington has been leaning on Pinochet for political liberalization for several years. At key moments the State Department and U.S. Ambassador Harry Barnes (now retired) put their weight behind the No Command's push for a fair plebiscite, effectively consolidating pro-American sentiment in the center and center-left. "When I compare notes with my counterparts in other Latin American countries," a leading Chilean socialist remarked, "they are astonished at the good things I have to say about Barnes and [former Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs] Elliott Abrams. But here they made it clear they were behind democracy from the beginning. And here the left has become pragmatic."

Strange times: the left is enjoying a moment of unity while the right falls to bickering. Pinochet has taken to comparing himself to Cincinnatus, St. Paul, and Jesus Christ. "We were beaten in the plebiscite but not vanquished," he told a crowd shortly after the "No" vote. "But don't forget that world history shows us that when people in a plebiscite had to choose be-

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tween Christ and Barabbas, they chose Barabbas." On the Paseo Ahumada, central Santiago's lively open-air walkway, political parties large and small are handing out pamphlets and signing up volunteers. Crowds surround bands of singers, cheering and clapping, and a delicious thrill runs through the street at the last line of the chorus—*Viva Democracia! Viva America! Adios, General!*

Adios? Pinochet casts a giant shadow across contemporary Chile and there are many people here who, for one reason or another, believe he will never surrender power. The far left needs a dictator to keep its revolutionary hopes alive: its worst enemy is the combination of strong democratic institutions and an effective military. The far right has made Pinochet a figure of worship, the living embodiment of the nation, and cannot believe he will "abandon" them. At this point, his intention to hold elections and his vague allusions to his noncandidacy—as stipulated by his own constitution—has thrown both his supporters and his opponents into disarray.

On the right, Pinochet remains enormously popular. He is seen as the man who rescued the country from civil war, beat back Communism, and after years of difficult times brought Chile to an unparalleled height of economic prosperity. "There is no political freedom without economic freedom," Miguel Otero of the conservative National Renovation party said. "People in Chile at last are seeing this. The Pinochet government has done a lot for Chile and history will prove this has been one of the very best governments we ever had. We on the right criticize the government, but we realize its many good points. The opposition does not find anything good in this country. They forgot what they did to this country fifteen years ago."

With Chileans, all discussions of Pinochet soon return to two points: the Allende years and the economy. For the right, Pinochet has fulfilled his obligation to Chile on these points. Yet the all-powerful father figure at the top has unwittingly—or perhaps not unwittingly?—created problems for his political sons. "During the past fifteen years we built very little political machinery," Otero said. "Now, with Pinochet to go, we begin in something of a vacuum." Not only a political vacuum, but a leadership vacuum. No one is speaking too loudly over on the right; everyone is still deferring to the "old man." Many eager hands are darting about, but none quite ready to seize the wheel while the general still sits in the cockpit.

The left sees things differently, but surprisingly not that much differently. Pinochet was—is—the enemy, and the enemy united the opposition (or most of it) for many years. The enmity toward Pinochet has burned down to a deep bed of coals—steady, not flashy, but not soon extinguished: after fifteen years you learn to respect your enemy. Now, in the wake of the "No" vote, the left is taking to heart the central lesson of the plebiscite—seize every bit of maneuvering room offered by a dictator and run with it—and with every month of increasing political activity doubts about Pinochet stepping down seem to lessen. So while Pinochet is still the enemy, and while the left criticizes the prosperity as "good for the Chilean economy but not good for the Chilean," the opposition understands that Pinochet at the moment is only a small part of its problem. The opposition is struggling to define an economic program that continues the prosperity yet shows some differences from the projects of the right, while not opening itself up to attacks for advocating redistributive economics; it is struggling to hold its 17-part coalition of centrist to far-left groups together, without raising public fears of Communist influence; it must criticize Pinochet to satisfy its loyal constituents left of center, yet not so harshly as to alienate centrist voters; and it must address human-rights issues in order to satisfy the public's desire for the truth, but it must take care not to alarm a military already jittery over the prospect of devastating tribunals in the democratic era.

Strange times: the left is enjoying a moment of unity while the right falls to bickering. Pinochet has taken to comparing himself to Cincinnatus, St. Paul, and Jesus Christ.

It is also back to politics as usual, and after fifteen years Pinochet's opponents have not lost their appetite for the tussle. The general is no slouch either. In a speech in the south, Pinochet called the opposition "rats seeking money" and said they received more than $100 million from abroad for the plebiscite. "I have the proof," he announced. Thereafter he was made "chief of chiefs" of the Mapuche Indians. At a press conference in Santiago, an opposition Christian Democrat declared that "when Pinochet called us rats, he was looking in the mirror" and went on to accuse him of selling off state companies to his friends before the elections. Remember, this is a good many months before the elections—it's sure to get a lot better. When I spoke with Carlos Dupre, vice president of the Christian Democratic party, he repeated the charges, adding that "Pinochet is against his own people [on the right] because he says *he* will decide the candidate."

Pinochet's remark about deciding the candidate naturally caused much consternation on the right. The major center-right party, National Renovation, decided to say nothing for the moment and continues to distance itself, loyally, from Pinochet. The other right-wing parties issued statements supporting the general. The opposition found the remark amusing at first, and ominous at second thought. In a small way, it highlights the uncertainty behind Chile's hopeful optimism. What will Father (or Führer, depending on your politics) do next? Pinochet says he will go. Pinochet says he will not go. Pinochet says he will name his successor. Pinochet says that, yes, he will go. Pinochet says he will continue "to stand by the cannons," no matter what. The constitution says he can continue to be commander of the army and a senator-for-life. The constitution also gives the military a veto over civilian policy through a powerful national security council. But everyone knows the constitution will be changed, amended. There is even talk of another plebiscite, this one to change the constitution *before* the election. (Better hurry!) Furthermore, new laws determining electoral districts for congress haven't even been written yet. In short, no one really knows what is going on. The electoral landscape is studded with minefields. A few pols are sure to get blown up as they go a'wandering toward victory, and a little chaos is just what the general needs. Pinochet, of course, knows where all the mines are buried—or knew, at least. After all, he didn't plan on losing the plebiscite. Still, they don't call him "the old fox" for nothing.

"We are used to dealing with Pinochet," Carlos Dupre said, "and we know when we need help. Washington believes everything here is moving toward normalcy, but that is not quite true. We need pressure on Pinochet to allow free and open elections in December. We are not in democracy now, but we need to be. We need democracy."

Democracy! Post-plebiscite Chile talks endlessly of democracy! In this land of churches and roadside shrines it is as if the insubstantial thing, the idea of democracy, has become a new object of worship. From the poor slums to the rich neighborhoods, not without fear and uncertainty, Chileans speak of hope for the future. Democracy, they say, is the road that will take them to a better life.

With my friend Patricio Vargas, a correspondent for the Spanish news agency EFE, I went one day into the hills of Lo Curro, Santiago's wealthiest neighborhood, a graceful enclave of discreetly elegant ranch houses, swimming pools, and palm-shaded courtyards. Pinochet had built a presidential palace in Lo Curro at a cost of some $20 million, but the public outcry had prevented him from moving in—a small yet telling sign of the limits of his authoritarian dictatorship. On the way down from the hills we picked up two workers and gave them a ride to a bus stop. One, a plumber, earned a salary of about $100 a month. I asked him what he thought about the recent plebiscite. →

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"Despite fifteen years," he said with a broad smile, "it was a very big day. If democracy is a winner, it will be good for us. Everything will be better. If democracy loses, there will be problems for us. Everything is related to next December's election.

"We need miracles to live on our salary," he added. "We cannot afford good education for our children. We cannot afford to get sick."

"But democracy will not bring miracles, will it?" I glanced out the window at a sprinkler shimmering lines of water over a thick green lawn.

"Of course if democracy is a winner our situation will be better," the plumber said. "In a democracy we will have more participation. No one cares about our opinion now. Because now the laws do not protect us."

I hope "everything will be better" for Chileans when they return to democracy. I hope it will bring them all they desire. I fear it will not. Their history is one of long struggles within democratic institutions, particularly between the executive and legislative branches, and in the eagerness to put Pinochet behind them they appear to be reconstituting the old game as it was in the years leading up to Allende. I fear it will not because politics is not the only thing changing in Chile. As the country modernizes, many people, particularly the young (of all political stripes), are changing their views toward the Roman Catholic Church, a traditional anchor of society.

MAJOR PARTIES

Christian Democratic Party (PDC). Largest opposition party, center to center-left. Led the "No" campaign. After a bitter internal power struggle nominated PDC President Patricio Aylwin, 70, as its "pre-presidential" candidate—in other words, the PDC's choice for president of Chile, and presumably the choice of the "Concertation" (see "Coalitions," below) of united opposition parties, following wheeling and dealing over congressional apportionments and policy directions. If the opposition doesn't blow it by exploding leftward and if Pinochet doesn't pull the plug, Aylwin is likely to become the next president.

National Renovation (RN). Largest party on the right, and one of the youngest —founded in 1987 in fusion of several conservative groups. Led by Sergio Onofre Jarpa and Andres Allamand. Split internally and with other elements of the right over RN's refusal to back Pinochet unconditionally in the plebiscite. Jarpa and Allamand possible presidential candidates, as well as the recently much-touted "phenomenon," Minister of Finance Hernan Büchi. One of the Chicago boys, Büchi is only 40, long-haired, climbs mountains, is a vegetarian and occasionally rides his bike to work. Popular with a main target of the RN—youngish Chilean professionals—Büchi may prove a bit too far out for older Chileans, but he's an indication that RN is looking to the future and positioning itself as the major moderate-conservative party. Already from further left and right in political precincts one hears dark mutterings about possible future *National Renovation/Christian Democratic* alliances.

Party for Democracy (PPD). Moderate socialists, mostly. Formed as a one-time "instrument" for the plebiscite and led by the charismatic Ricardo Lagos, a major figure on the left, PPD recently constituted itself as an official party. Though plagued by factionalism, PPD is fast becoming the major party just to the left of the *Christian Democrats*. Could be a pivotal player in the elections. (See "Coalitions.")

MID-SIZE PARTIES

Humanist Party (PH). Founded in 1984 by Tomas Hirsch, PH is growing fast, despite leadership and legal setbacks. Associated with the "Silo movement" of Mario Rodriguez of Argentina, PH calls itself "the New Left" and claims to reject Marxism, aspiring instead to a "socialist, libertarian, and non-violent revolution." Allied with the tiny *Green party*.

National Party (PN). Formerly the major center-right party, still organized on a regional level but experiencing problems on the national level. One faction, led by party president Patricio Phillips, backed the "Si" in the plebiscite, while another faction backed the "No."

Radical Party (PR). One of Chile's oldest parties, PR swung hard left and in 1969 became a key supporter of Allende's Popular Unity alliance. Affiliated with Socialist International. Prominent member of the "No" effort. Led by Enrique Silva Cimma and still a force the big boys have to reckon with. (See "Coalitions.")

Communist Party of Chile (PCCH). Banned. Largest Communist party in Latin America outside Cuba. Traditionally claimed about 15 percent of the vote. Currently engaged in a contentious underground congress, debating continued use of "armed struggle" and approach to upcoming elections. Some reports indicate leadership fight between aging Moscow-based secretary general, Luis Corvalan, and a younger Gladys Marin. The CP's terror arm is the FPMR. —*MM*

Behind the candle-lit altar, statues of angels and tall crosses loom in the dim light, shadows of angel wings flicker on the church walls. A golden Christ crucified, his midsection demurely draped in a skirt of royal red, turns his agonized gaze heavenward. It is cool in the Church of Saint Augustine, footsteps echo on the stone floors of this quiet refuge from the glare and blare of mid-day Santiago. A sleepy priest waits in a confessional, the door open, light from a bare bulb spilling over him. Mothers are here with their restless children, and gum-chewing teenage girls, businessmen, street kids, and cripples, soldiers in civilian clothes. They kneel and cross themselves and pray before the shrines along the walls: here is the saint who helps "with difficult and desperate causes"; there is the saint who watches over those in Purgatory; there is the Mother of Good Counsel, Mediator between Argentina and Chile; and here, somehow fittingly with the biggest crowd in front of her, is my favorite, Santa Rita de Casia—she who helps those with "Impossible Claims."

"When I was growing up," my friend Solange said one night over dinner, "I was taught that everyone who was not a Catholic was going straight to Hell. Now I believe differently." Solange and her boyfriend Alberto, like many Chileans, have little patience for the old ways of the Roman Catholic Church. The power of the saints and shrines and strict traditions is slipping in this overwhelmingly Catholic country, where divorce is illegal and acted out daily in the theater of annulments, where abortion is absolutely forbidden and, of course, widely available.

Alberto also believes differently. He is a trim man in his early thirties with a quick smile. He says he loves Jesus, that Jesus is Love, but that he rejects many of the teachings of the church. He is not a follower of any evangelical movement, though American evangelical missionaries are an active and growing force in Chile.

Alberto and Solange both speak English. Both are from the upper end of the middle class. Both work: Solange in Citibank, Alberto in an import-export firm. Alberto, with a university degree in engineering, is also a tour guide and a trader in fruit. Both are vegetarians, more or less. Both consider themselves conservatives. Both welcome a return to democracy but express strong support for the military government. In the plebiscite, Alberto could not decide which way to vote and finally annulled his ballot. Solange voted for the "No." In the election, Alberto will vote for the right, probably National Renovation. Solange thinks she will vote for the opposition, if it behaves itself. In many ways they are emblematic of a changing Chile, molded by an aversion to both Communism and the old church and belonging to an emerging New Class of professionals created by Chile's export-led, American-inspired economic boom.

There is a deep sense of unease among older Chileans as they watch their children drift away from the church. The church, fissured by political battles from within, faces what it views as greater problems from without: apathy, materialism, increasing secularization. American culture—fashion, music, television—is all over Chile and inevitably the secularization and materialism argument seemed to turn into the "American influence" argument. "We in Chile look to the United States these days," Alberto said, "not to Europe anymore. Every day in my business I am on the phone to Miami—it is the same all over Chile."

Years ago, the church stepped into a space created by Pinochet's banning of political parties and became through its Vicariate of Solidarity Chile's most important human-rights organization. The *Vicaria*, with a group of lawyers and researchers, carefully documents cases of "disappearance," torture, and death threats. While "disappearances" have dropped to about a dozen in the last five years, death threats and low-level harassment —dead cats on your doorstep, vans following you down the street, headlights beaming in your window at night, pleasant chats about the routes your children take every day—have sharply increased. It's not a light psychological blow, after all, when you get a death threat in which you're pointedly reminded about the hundreds who never came back.

Located in a warren of high-ceilinged offices on Santiago's Plaza de Armas, the *Vicaria* is a surprisingly cheerful place, although it is constantly hounded by the government. The reason for the tension between the government and the *Vicaria* lies with the church organization's extensive documentation of many of the over 700 cases of "disappearances"—kidnappings and murders—committed between 1973 and 1977. Today Chileans do not want to hear about human-rights abuses, particularly from

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foreigners. They argue that all countries have periods of human-rights abuses, that the actual number is small, especially when compared with the hundreds of thousands murdered by the Vietnamese and Cambodian Communists in the 1970s, and that the West has been suckerpunched by the lies of the left, such as the movie *Missing*. At the same time, Chileans want the truth because they know the society needs to hear the truth, because they want to settle the past, and because they want to end the use of the 700 "disappeared" as a political issue.

Although the government implemented an amnesty law for crimes committed during that period, the military fears a devastating series of human-rights tribunals after the return to democracy. The *Vicaria* holds most of the evidence. The opposition, eager for a return to democracy, is engaged in a delicate balancing act, assuring the military that it will not be put through a shattering settling of accounts on one hand, and assuring the public that the truth will come out on the other hand.

Chileans grow grim and sink inward when the Allende years and the coup are brought up. It was, by all accounts, a country on the brink of civil war in the months leading up to the September 1973 coup. The military and a growing number of Chileans watched with increasing alarm as the left seized property, sought inroads among the armed forces, gutted the economy with ill-prepared nationalization schemes and rocketing inflation and food shortages, and began to arm its followers. Contrary to the conspiracy theories of the American left, the Chilean view—on the left as well as the right—of the CIA's role is that it was a factor but not a decisive factor in the fall of Allende. Chile's problems were brought about by Chile, not by Washington or some insidious conspiracy of multinational corporations. What the CIA did was to kick a man already sliding fast down the slippery slope.

When the coup came, many Chileans welcomed it, thinking Pinochet would soon turn power over to a civilian government. Instead, military death squads went after the left wing of Allende's Popular Unity government, particularly the militants of the Communist party and its allies. These formed the bulk of the "disappeared." I write this not to condone illegal "disappearances" but to note that many Chileans feel that the military was not striking against innocents in the majority of cases. "It was a war," Alberto said once, his mouth set in a tense line. "They got what was coming to them."

One morning I drove with Patricio Vargas to the poor neighborhood of La Victoria, a stronghold of the Communist party and other elements of the radical left. Thirty thousand people are crowded into a 10-block-by-10-block area of small brick homes and unpaved streets. Dust swirled in the harsh sunlight as we walked past women and children and a few drunken men. Elaborate paintings in bold colors stretched across walls: hooded FPMR (the terror wing of the CP) fighters holding rifles; hammers and sickles; portraits of Allende and the late leftist poet Pablo Neruda; masked figures climbing battlements—all the hands are left hands and in them are Chilean flags and AK-47s; soldiers firing on doves; doves crucified. "Only the Fight Will Make Us Free," one reads. Another: "No to Pinochet, No to the Dictator, No to Torturers."

We met a radical American priest who agreed to talk with me only if I withheld his name and the name of his order. He "did not have a problem" being identified with the liberation theologist wing of the church. He had been in Chile almost twenty years—arriving, in other words, in Allende's heyday. He said he did not support violent revolution, but his sympathies were with "the people." We spoke in a bare room, sitting on rough wood benches, a crude wooden cross on the wall.

While the plebiscite was a positive sign, the priest said, the majority of working-class Chileans face enormous problems. In La Victoria, as in other poor sectors, the free-market policies of "the Chicago boys"—the ubiquitous term for the University of Chicago-trained economists running Chilean economic agencies—have meant a sharp drop in health care. "If you have to go to a hospital," the priest said, "you're told to bring your own bandages and a blank check." Pinochet achieved his economic success, he said, by breaking the unions, forbidding long strikes, and cutting social programs. Workers' wages were frozen, but prices were allowed to rise. It was an argument I often heard from the left, though even the left does not dispute Chile's current economic prosperity. They argue that it was achieved at the expense of the poor and that the wealth is not reaching the poor.

But even the radicals of La Victoria acknowledge that things are changing. Construction jobs are up. Educational opportunities are slowly expanding. There is more mobility among the classes—a La Victoria kid can go to the university or join the army or enroll in a vocational school, though the radicals tend to look at this as some sort of sneaky capitalist trickery. The poor are the left's most loyal constituency and the left will continue—justifiably in many cases—to press for a greater allocation of resources toward health and housing and education and jobs. Many on the Chilean right do not disagree with need but with method: not, the right argues, the redistribution of existing wealth, but the creation of more and better jobs. It sounds pretty familiar, of course, and it's hard to argue with Chile's present financial situation: foreign debt is falling, exports are booming, taxes have been lowered, new jobs are being created. If a center-left government does, as expected, take power after the December election, one of the major issues—and a probable source of tension within the coalition—will be how to expand the prosperity without endangering it.

Notwithstanding the opposition's determination to be unified for the election, Pinochet's apparent willingness to withdraw from the presidency has created new lines of tension all over the political landscape, including among the poor and the far left. Before the plebiscite, the priest said, it was relatively easy to present a unified front in La Victoria. Now people were uncertain about the election process and the future. What the priest did not say was that the Chilean Communist party was locked in a furious debate about whether to abandon "armed struggle" and

SMALL PARTIES AND INDEPENDENT GROUPS

ON THE LEFT: Center-left *Social Democratic party* of Eugenio Velasco, strictly avoids contact with Communist left, leads coalition of small lefty parties, including *Liberal party, Republican party,* and *National Democratic party.* Two socialist parties were born out of the debris of Allende's socialist party—the *Socialist party/Almeyda* (PS/A) and the *Socialist party/Nunez* (PS/N). At present, legality of both parties is in limbo because of their embrace of Marxism. Almeyda is Clodomiro Almeyda, Allende's foreign minister and a popular figure; close ties to extreme left, to Moscow and Cuba. *Ricardo Nunez Socialists* are more moderate. Chilean socialists have a long-standing rivalry with the *Communist party* for influence among the poor. Other small forces on the left include: the *Christian Left,* the *Movement of Popular Unity Action* and splinter groups, the *Social Accord for the "No"* and the *Popular Socialist Union.*

ON THE RIGHT: *Democratic Radical party* (PDR), founded by conservative dissidents expelled from the *Radical party* for opposing its leftward course, strong but not unconditional supporter of Pinochet; supported the "Si." *Independent Democratic Union* (UDI), led by Jaime Guzman, powerful figure on right. UDI marched out of the *National Renovation* party because of RN's refusal to back Pinochet unconditionally. Far-right *National Advance* (AN), run by an out-of-control demagogue named Pablo Rodriguez. Founded in 1980, allegedly by former members of the security forces. Party is dedicated to Pinochet as national leader and usually can be found at the forefront of pro-government demonstrations. Most right-wing parties won't come near the AN.

COALITIONS

The Concertation. A broad opposition coalition carried over from the successful effort in the plebiscite. Seventeen parties formed the "Concertation" at last count, from the Christian Democrats leftward, including just about everybody except the Communists. Whether this beast can hold itself together is a major question of the election season. The *Christian Democrats* hope everyone will agree on their candidate, Patricio Aylwin, as presidential candidate of the united opposition.

The Silva Cimma Gambit. While pledging fealty to a single opposition candidate, factions to the left of the *Christian Democrats* have already put up their own man, Enrique Silva Cimma, head of the *Radical party.* In addition to his own party, Silva Cimma is backed by the powerful PPD, the *Humanist party,* and the *Nunez Socialists.* Part of this is pure politics—the boys want to make sure they'll get a good share of the congressional seats up for grabs in an opposition victory—and part of it is an effort to lever opposition policy positions a bit more to the left. Negotiations will be long and loud.

Uninvited guests at the party? One of the newest opposition coalitions is PAIS, an acronym for the *Broad party of the Socialist Left.* It was formed by a group called the *Christian Left,* the *Almeyda Socialists,* the *Communist party,* and other elements of the radical left. Its *raison d'etre* is to circumvent the ban on Marxist parties, allowing *Communist party* members and others to run in the elections as "individuals," not members of a particular party. If that were not trouble enough, two members of PAIS, the *Almeyda Socialists* and the *Christian Left,* are also members of the "Concertation." As many moderate members of the Chilean left were quick to point out, this gives the Communists a back door into the major opposition coalition. Angry voices are beginning to be raised about "uninvited guests at the party" and what it may mean come election day.

—MM

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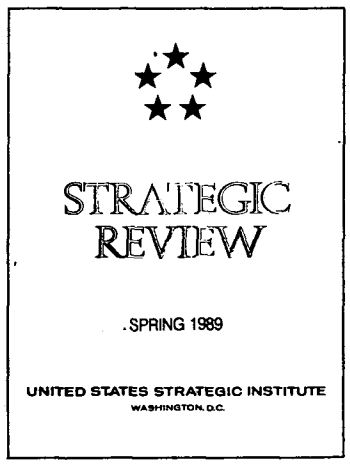

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shape for itself a role in the upcoming election. This argument is unresolved at present, and has spilled into violent confrontations among factions in the poor areas.

The road from La Victoria runs past apartment blocks and factories and vineyards and gives way to shady streets with green lawns behind sturdy locked gates. Patricio and I stopped for lunch in an air-conditioned mall called Parque Arauco. We were near Las Condes and headed for a chat with the upper-middle-class Chilean "family" of Melanie Brevoort, an American exchange student I had met in the *Vicaria.* Those were the neighborhoods of the "Si," of the more than 40 percent of Chileans who voted *for* Pinochet in the plebiscite. In the mall I continued my relentless search for all things Chilean, exploring a bacon cheeseburger and four Diet Cokes. Patricio gestured at the gleaming shop windows, the busy concourse, the video parlors, and fast-food restaurants. "This," he said only half-jokingly, "is the Latin way of life."

At the home of Claudio Canales we sat in a small comfortable living room. Las Condes is upper class by Chilean standards, upper-middle class in U.S. terms, resembling, say, a thoroughly respectable neighborhood in Southern California. Claudio introduced us to three of his daughters—including his "adopted" American daughter—and his wife. He is an electrical engineer in his early fifties, and a defiant man. "Whoever is a Marxist," he declared straight off, "I am for whoever is against that Marxist." Anti-Communism is a deadly serious business in Chile. One of his daughters said, "My father was on a list to be killed." The room grew tense. "The problem of human rights is magnified and distorted," Claudio angrily said. "They talk of human-rights abuses when the military responds but they never talk when policemen are murdered in the streets." My Spanish is poor and Patricio and one of the daughters were translating. I noticed Patricio did not particularly like what he was hearing.

"In the time of Allende we were living near the mines in the south," Claudio said. "In that time I became afraid for my family and bought a handgun. After the coup the military found many machine guns in the homes of Allende's people in the south. How was I to defend my home when they had machine guns? In that time they would just come and take your home—isn't that a human-rights abuse?"

Claudio and many, many others support the military wholeheartedly. He wants a return to democracy, he wants "more attention to the poor," but he also wants the military to be prepared to intervene "if we have the same problems as we had with Allende. You Americans," he exclaimed, "you think Allende was a socialist! But he was a Communist." By this time Patricio's translations had dwindled and the daughters had heatedly taken over. Claudio supports the disputed Article Eight of the constitution, which bans Marxist parties and is sure to be an issue in the next government. "The mistake of democracy is to accept all ideas. Democracy cannot accept ideas that will destroy democracy."

As Melanie unlocked the gate she thanked us and said she had learned something. "Yes," Patricio said quietly and not happily, "I learned something too." Melanie looked at him. The gate swung shut. "You must understand," Patricio said. "I am a Chilean journalist. I am against Pinochet."

Many are still against Pinochet. Many see him as an arrogant tyrant who trampled over the liberties of the citizenry for far too long. Others love the man and see him as the savior of the country. Neither image is completely true. It is clear he loves power and is loath to give it up. Yet give it up is what he appears about to do. Under current law he may remain commander of the army and senator-for-life, but that is the dreamwork of a dictator, a bit of self-delusion and a couple of minor cards in his poker game with Chile and with destiny. Better than most he knows how fast laws change. His options are rapidly coming down to two: dig in, cancel the election, and try to survive the storm; or arrange for a graceful exit and, after a face-saving period, retire from all posts before being forcefully retired by the new government. I'm putting my money on the graceful exit.

For the old fox is no fool. This is his chance to get out in a historical moment of tranquility and prosperity. As ye exit so shall ye be judged—at least in part. To be sure, great and potentially explosive issues will have to be decided soon—not only all the complexities of a return to a functioning democracy, but also the shape of a new constitution eliminating military domination, the question of the ban on Marxist parties, the delicate task of investigating human-rights abuses, the question of the Chicago boys and their economic policies, and the manner in which the needs of the poor will be addressed. Yet with a successful election, Pinochet can step aside claiming that he achieved the goals of the 1973 coup: sweeping the Communists from power, returning Chile to economic stability, and restoring effective democratic institutions. And with a clean election, he will have done exactly that. ☐

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SPECIAL REPORT

Michael Fumento

THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING AIDS EPIDEMIC

There's finally good news about AIDS, yet no one wants to hear it. So statistics are doctored, homosexual demographics are overstated, and scarce research funds are squandered—all for an epidemic that may have peaked some time ago.

Hard to believe, isn't it, that just two years ago AIDS was seen as a threat to the very survival of the human race? Pop scientist Stephen Jay Gould told readers of the *New York Times Magazine* in 1987: "Yes, AIDS may run through the entire population, and may carry off a quarter or more of us." And while it's bad enough being told by nuclear weapons opponents that we have the capability to kill everyone not once but ten times, sex therapist Theresa Crenshaw said we were all slated to die at least twice of AIDS. She told Congress: "If the spread of AIDS continues at the same rate, in 1996 there could be one billion people infected; five years later, hypothetically 10 billion; however, the population of the world is only five billion." Don't snicker. She was then appointed to President Reagan's AIDS commission.

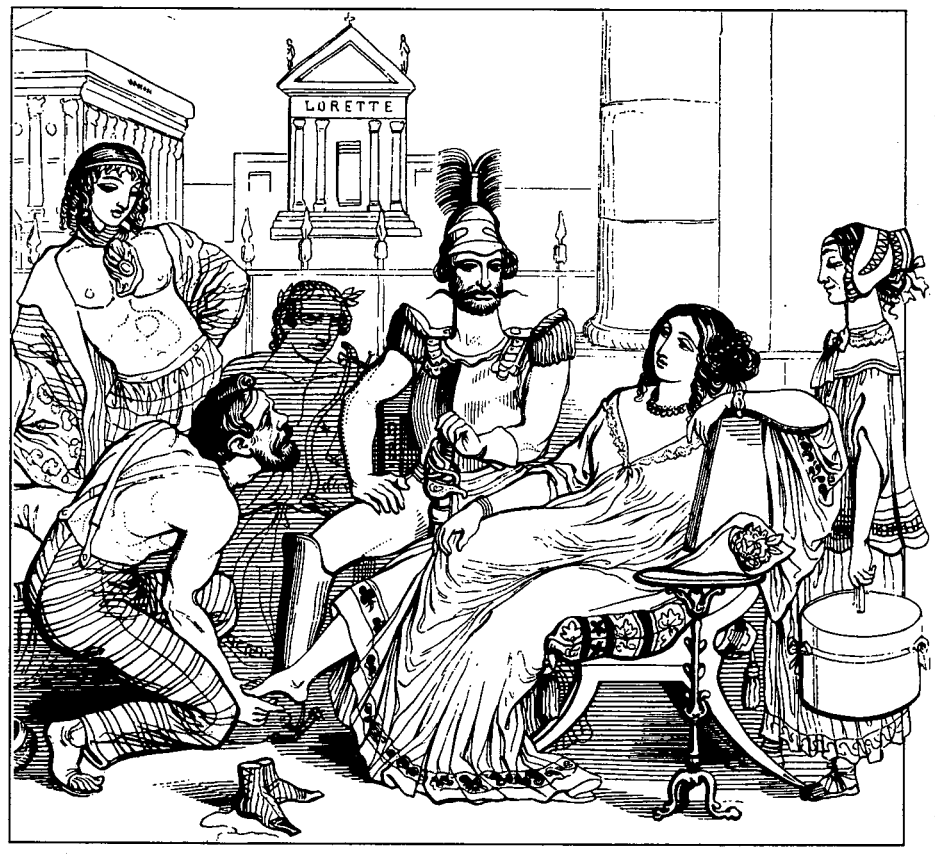
Even the nation's former top health official, Dr. Otis R. Bowen, the secretary of Health and Human Services, stated that "if we can't make progress," we face a pandemic that will make all others, including the Black Death, seem "pale by comparison."

Fortunately, we don't often hear such alarmism anymore. Yet, if the apocalyptics have at least partly faded, the fear of a vastly expanding epidemic has not. Public opinion polls continue to report that AIDS is considered far and away the nation's number one health problem. As AIDS takes its toll, what we are seeing is in fact two epidemics: one consisting of actual AIDS cases, the other of fear. The first propels the second. But if our response to the AIDS threat is to be effective, then the scope of that threat must be realistically evaluated. Like the usual fish story, estimates of the size of the AIDS epidemic are proving to be grossly exaggerated. But unlike a fish story, the consequences of this exaggeration will be immense and far-reaching, chief among them a gross misallocation of fear—and of precious public resources. With federal funding for AIDS having passed that for heart disease and matching that for cancer, it's time to take a close look at this alleged epidemic to end all epidemics.

Michael Fumento is author of The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS, *to be published this fall by New Republic Books (an imprint of Basic Books).*

Unofficial Estimates

During the height of the media scare, no AIDS story was complete without reciting the shocking estimates of the number of Americans now infected with Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV, the AIDS-causing agent), and still more ominous estimates of the soon to be infected. But it is clear that many estimates of the extent of the AIDS epidemic use statistical formulas or models that, though superficially plausible, may be utterly worthless.



One technique which exaggerates the scope of the epidemic is that used by Crenshaw in concluding that 10 billion persons could eventually die of AIDS. It gains some legitimacy by playing off the "doubling time" figures released by the Centers for Disease Control (CDC). Doubling time is a simple way of referring to the rate of increase in AIDS cases. If, for example, we observe that the number of cases is doubling every year, we say the doubling time is one year. If the doubling time goes from every year to every thirteen months, then the epidemic's rate of increase is slowing.

Now, the nature of an epidemic such as AIDS—that is, an epidemic based on behavior—is that the virus will pick off the "easy" targets first. (With AIDS, the easiest targets were men who engage in receptive anal intercourse with numerous other men who also engage in receptive anal intercourse with numerous other men, since this activity has been shown to be by far the most conducive to transmitting the virus.) An epidemic will progress ever more slowly as fewer and fewer easy targets remain. That is, the caseload may increase from month to month, but the rate at which it increases is ever slower. This is a general rule for epidemics.

Obviously, if you freeze the doubling time—rather than allow for its progressive slowing—and then extrapolate over a long period of time, you will produce outrageous results. It would be like observing that flu deaths in the United States one week were twice what they were a week earlier, and on that basis calculating a date at which all Americans would be dead of flu. But some AIDS "experts" have done just that, and the press has happily reported their findings.

For example, Gene Antonio, author of *The AIDS Cover-up?*, an intentionally terrifying book which he claims has sold over 300,000 copies, used a 12-month doubling time of AIDS cases and predicted that as many as eight million Americans would be infected by the end of 1987 and 64 million by the end of 1990. A.D.J. Robertson, president of Research, Testing, and Development, Inc., used the same figures in a letter to the *Wall Street Journal* in 1985.[1] (Notwithstanding his alarmism—or more probably because of it—he went on to serve as an advisor to the White House.) Another method used by the Hudson Institute yielded the estimate that by 1987 there were up to 2.9 million HIV infections. The problem with these models is that they are no better than the numbers fed into them, many of which will be shaky estimates. Or, to put it another way: garbage in, garbage out. Economists call this "black boxing"—you put figures into a black box

[1]Robertson also co-wrote with James F. Grutsch two articles on AIDS for *The American Spectator*, in March 1986 and September 1986.

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and pull out whichever ones you wish. The Hudson Institute report, for example, relies on such discredited authorities as the sex therapists Masters and Johnson.

CDC Estimates

But what of the "conservative"—and ostensibly more authoritative—figures generated by official government bodies such as the CDC? Even these appear to have been overstated.

In June 1986, in a meeting at the Coolfont resort in West Virginia, officials of the CDC estimated that one million to 1.5 million Americans were infected with HIV. To get the 1.5 million number, CDC first had to estimate the size of the population at risk. That figure was a combination of other figures: an estimate of the prevalence of homosexuals in the population given in the 1948 Kinsey study of male sexual behavior, an estimate of the prevalence of intravenous drug abusers (IVDAs) provided by the National Institute of Drug Abuse, and estimates of the numbers of hemophiliacs, blood recipients, and sexual partners of all of the above. Other than the estimate of the number of severe hemophiliacs, whose reliance on blood products made them vulnerable to the AIDS virus but also fairly easy to count, all of the estimates were tenuous "best guesses." CDC then had to estimate the extent to which each of these groups was infected. To do so, it could rely on little more than spot surveys conducted at such places as sexually transmitted disease (STD) clinics.

CDC was not quick to update its estimate after June 1986 because of a dearth of information about how fast the epidemic was spreading. So some in the media and the self-appointed AIDS experts took it upon themselves to tack on their own estimates of how many new infections had occurred since the CDC arrived at the 1.5 million figure. Masters and Johnson were among these, and used the resulting figure to corroborate their deduction of over three million existing infections.

Finally, in November 1987, CDC admitted—although not explicitly—that the old figure was too high. It did so not by reducing the old figure but by trotting out new data to show that the old figure was still good—a year-and-a-half's worth of infections later. (Actually, CDC dropped the top end by 100,000 to 1.4 million.) It might be said that CDC waited for infections to catch up to the earlier estimate. Problem is, the entire conception of a growing pool of "seropositivity" (that is, the number of persons infected by HIV) may be a false one.

Current case demographics show that slightly less than three percent of AIDS cases are attributable to native-born heterosexual transmission. But some warn us not to be reassured by this fact, pointing out that the AIDS virus has a long incubation period. They ignore the flip side of this argument—that because of AIDS's long incubation, cases of actual illness will be diagnosed at increasing rates long after infections may have peaked. And for most of the risk categories, infections clearly *have* peaked. Studies based on eight cohorts of homosexual and bisexual men indicate that the rate of new infections among homosexuals in major cities—the largest part of the CDC estimate—slowed down to nearly zero (ranging from zero to four percent) between June 1986 and the present. New infections among IVDAs are also slowing dramatically. On the East Coast, where the "shooting gallery" phenomenon is common, the IVDA population is so saturated with HIV that there's little room for new growth, except to the extent that there may be new "recruits" to the ranks of IVDAs. On the West Coast, where shooting galleries are much rarer, the overall infection rate is comparatively quite low (meaning there is room for many more infections), but then so is the new infection rate. A study of Los Angeles IVDAs published in the January 1989 *American Journal of Public Health* found that of 790 tested, only 1.8 percent were seropositive, meaning few old infections and few new ones.

Thus, if the CDC estimate of one million to 1.5 million HIV-infected Americans was "almost certainly too high" in June 1986, as the director of the CDC's AIDS program, James Curran, puts it, then it's quite possibly too high now. Writing in last October's issue of the *Journal of Acquired Immune Deficiencies*, Joel Hay, a health economist at the Hoover Institution, using what he believes to be the most likely progression rate, estimated that there are only 500,000 to 800,000 Americans infected with AIDS. (More recently Hay told me he believes that this figure is probably too high as well.)

Has AIDS Peaked?

While the number of infections will determine the number of AIDS cases in the long run, in the short run what counts are the cases themselves. Even here, however, the official figures are not as solid as they might seem. At Coolfont, CDC projected that 270,000 cases would be diagnosed through the end of 1991, or 251,000 cases from the beginning of 1986. Unfortunately, a new factor has been added to confuse the situation. In September 1987, the definition of AIDS was expanded to include several new symptoms of HIV infection, such as dementia and wasting syndrome. The result is that the number of cases considered to be AIDS has increased more than 20 percent above what it would have been under the old definition. If 120 cases are reported during one period now, one should assume that this would have been about 100 under the old definition. So, as Hay has pointed out, the redefinition of AIDS not only inflates the apparent rate of increase, but also masks a previous CDC overestimate. Needless to say, the press ignores the new definition when it cites the rising number of AIDS cases. But much of the increase in cases over the past year-and-a-half is due to the expanded definition.

Last year, the Public Health Service (PHS) and CDC convened their scientists again and announced that they were extending the projected caseload figure to the end of 1993, predicting 450,000 total cases by then. Curran told the media the new projections were unofficial but "pretty well set." The figure of nearly half a million played the media quite well, grabbing its share of headlines. But a week later, at a conference in Stockholm, Curran declined to make a prediction past 1992 and a figure of 365,000. "I'm not comfortable going that far [to 1993]," Curran later told me. "We're not publishing [the 450,000 figure]." And in fact, it was not officially published. But as far as most people were concerned, it already had been. CDC has issued no retraction of the figure. It is the 450,000 figure which was used first and it is that figure which will be remembered and reused. Indeed, several weeks after the Stockholm conference, the editor of the *Washington Post*'s *Health* magazine declared confidently, "No one is questioning the projection that about 450,000 Americans will be diagnosed with AIDS by 1993."

Although it came out of a meeting (closed to the media incidentally) in-

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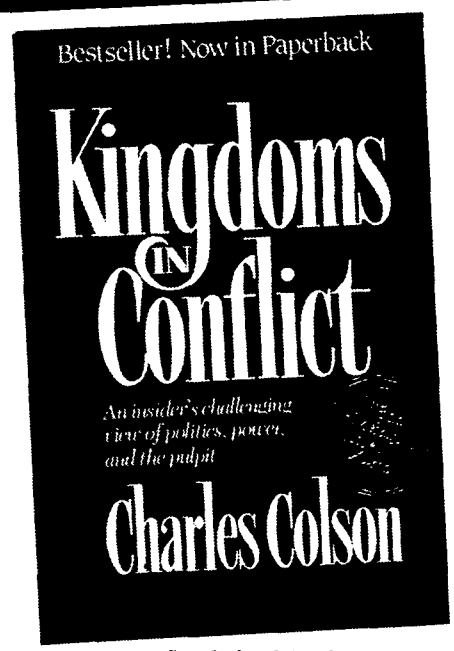
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volving some of PHS's top scientists, the new estimate had nothing to do with epidemiology. In fact, the procedure could have been performed with a pocket calculator. CDC simply extended the rate of increase in cases from 1981-1987 out to 1993. This is a dubious technique, for as Dr. John Pickering of the University of Georgia has pointed out,

> If a model is to forecast reliably the incidence of an infectious disease over any extended period of time, then it must be based on the disease's underlying epidemiology, rather than on the mathematical functions that fit the existing incidence data.

The press treats the CDC projections as sacrosanct; but CDC officials will tell you, as chief epidemiologist Harold Jaffe put it to me, "That's just stupid." The figures are simply "best guesses" in a range that estimates there will be anywhere from 13,000 to 190,000 new cases during the year 1992. And the breadth of that range itself has only a 68 percent "confidence interval," meaning that there is one chance in three it will be incorrect.

But why is CDC so reticent about relying on its mathematical projections through 1993? Could it be that the epidemic would peak in that year or before? "Yes," Curran told me.

The great unspoken words of the AIDS epidemic are "peak," "plateau," and "crest." While we have become accustomed to hearing everbleaker news about AIDS, with everhigher caseloads and estimates of caseloads and costs to society ("AIDS Without End" read the title of one recent article in the *New York Review of Books*), the concept of the epidemic peaking is completely alien to most of the public. But all epidemics do peak, more or less along the lines of a bell curve. For extended epidemics such as AIDS, the entire curve might be so stretched that the peak will actually be something of a plateau for some time, but eventually the cases must fall off.

One of the few epidemiologists venturesome enough not only to talk about such a peak (or a "crest" as he prefers) but to forecast it, is Dr. Alexander Langmuir, the chief epidemiologist at CDC from 1949-1970, where he developed the epidemiological branch as it now exists. Langmuir notes that if one plots reported AIDS cases on a ratio scale similar to that on which the Dow Jones Average or the Standard and Poors Index is plotted, one sees over a period of years a sharp rise at first but a clear bending as time goes on. Dr. Langmuir says that the point at which the curve goes flat is the crest of the epidemic. After that point, cases will tend to fall off at a rate similar to that at which they had increased earlier on. This principle is called Farr's Law, after a British doctor who predicted, fairly accurately, the cresting and ending of the Cattle Plague of London in 1865-66 based only on early reports.

Another system Langmuir uses to project the course of the epidemic, a technique which relies on an estimate of the incubation time and on the curve of infections, is based on some of the cohort studies mentioned previously. For example, in the largest San Francisco cohort of homosexuals, which uses blood donated originally to test incidence of hepatitis B, new infections increased from 1.1 percent of the total cohort in 1978 to 11 percent in 1980 to 20.8 percent in 1982, dropping off dramatically to 2.1 percent in 1983. While this cohort doesn't necessarily reflect the homosexual population of the U.S. as a whole, it's highly possible that it does. None of the other cohorts began as early and hence, when graphed, cannot show an upswing or a peak, but their declines closely match that in the hepatitis B study. This being the case, the peak in frequency of homosexual infections in major U.S. cities was 1982, while 1981 was the point by which one-half of all infections had occurred.

If the exact incubation time of all AIDS cases were, say, five years, then AIDS cases would peak about five years after the peaking of infections. Unfortunately, it's not that simple. First, AIDS cases can incubate anywhere from seven weeks to an estimated thirty years or more. Second, no one knows for sure how many infections will eventually result in AIDS or how long on average that will take. The bad news here for seropositives is that researchers are moving to a consensus that 99 percent of all persons infected with HIV will eventually get sick, if not succumb to full-blown AIDS.

While predicting average incubation time is still somewhat speculative, several studies, including one based on the San Francisco hepatitis B cohort, show a median incubation time of almost nine years. Langmuir believes that HIV *infections* among all homosexuals—not just those in major cities—peaked no later than 1982. He also believes that homosexual AIDS *cases* may already have peaked. Since infections in the other risk groups probably peaked later, this will move the crest for all AIDS cases somewhat later in time. But the modification will probably not be very substantial, says Langmuir, since homosexuals make up more than two-thirds of all present cases.

Langmuir is the first to admit that he is an optimist. He also readily admits to having been wrong twice before in prematurely predicting crests. Yet in neither case was the formula at fault. In one he underestimated the lag time in reporting (cases are often reported months and occasionally years after diagnosis) and in the other he underestimated the incubation period—an almost universal mistake at the time. Langmuir could be wrong again since no one yet knows for sure how accurate are the estimates of the average time between infection and diagnosis of AIDS, nor exactly when most homosexuals were infected, nor exactly what percentage of all infections are homosexual. Finally, the widespread use of AZT in seropositives who haven't yet developed symptoms may delay the onset of AIDS, thus significantly extending incubation times.

Because of AIDS's long incubation, cases of actual illness will be diagnosed at increasing rates long after infections may have peaked.

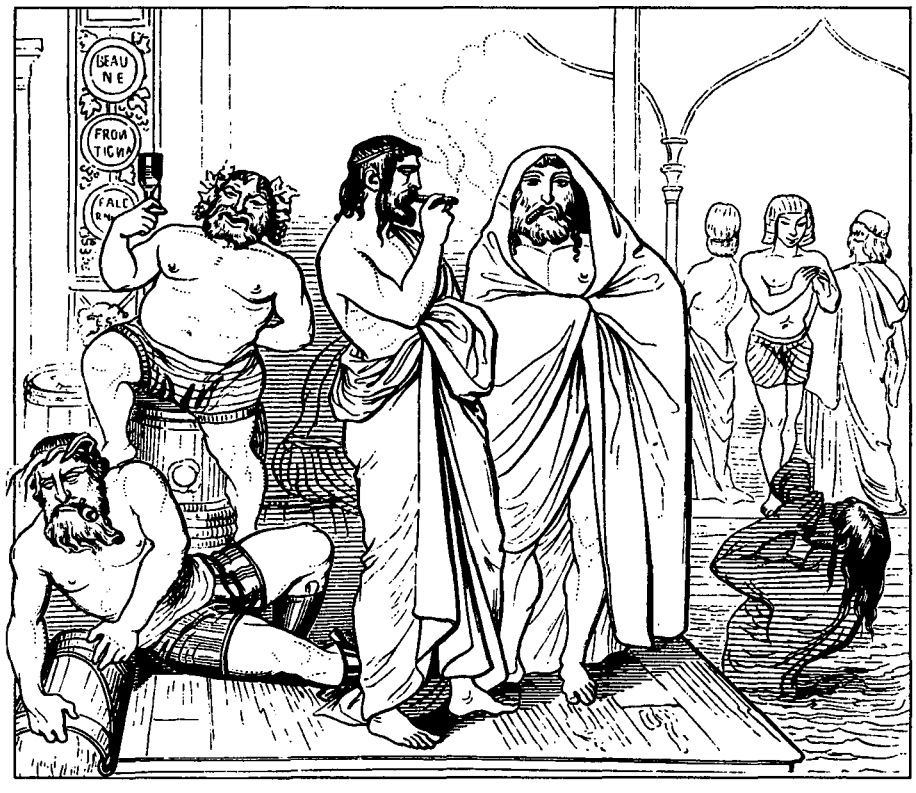
It's interesting that the bottom range of the CDC's 68 percent confidence interval figure shows the epidemic plateauing in 1988 and starting to fall off in 1989, with total new cases for 1992 coming in at 13,000—almost exactly what Langmuir has predicted. If Langmuir is completely correct, we should expect to see no more than 200,000 AIDS cases among homosexuals—and a correspondingly low number among the other risk groups—by the end of the century.

Unfortunately, the lag time in reporting cases to the federal health authorities is so great as to make such a conclusion a difficult thing to grasp until long after it has already occurred. The lag is caused by a delay in reporting from doctors to local public health authorities and then from local authorities to state and federal authorities.

For this reason, the lag-time problem is much smaller when one uses figures based on reporting to local health authorities in cities. One way, therefore, to get around the lag-time and check Langmuir's theory is to investigate the statistics for the three cities with the most homosexual cases (see table and graph on page 24).

Since at the time these figures were collected even the latest reporting period was thirteen months old, chances are there will be very few new cases added to it, much less to the older periods. As the chart reveals, even if one uses the new case definition, there is a decline in Los Angeles diagnoses and a near-plateau in San Francisco and New York. Subtracting the new-definition cases shows a decline in diagnoses in all three cities.

The good news, then, is that despite all the doomsaying about the inability of our major cities to cope with the problem of more AIDS cases, in some ways the worst is behind them (although for some time the number of living AIDS patients will continue to grow, and this will be a continual burden). The even better news is that as New York, Los Angeles, and San Francisco have gone, so must go the nation. Because of these declines in diagnoses, these three cities no longer provide a majority of the nation's new cases. Nevertheless, if the AIDS epi-



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demics in those cities peaked some time ago, as the accompanying table and graph indicate, and if, as the cohort studies seem to indicate, the epidemic in the nation as a whole doesn't lag far behind that in the three cities struck first and hardest, it is entirely possible that the entire epidemic is peaking.

Thus, unless CDC keeps expanding the definition of AIDS to catch earlier and earlier stages of HIV infection (and CDC's Harold Jaffe says there is sentiment in that direction), it's going to start talking less and less about its best guess of 365,000 cases by 1993. And fewer people will be betting against Alexander Langmuir's top-end prediction of 200,000 homosexual cases for the entire epidemic.

Heterosexual AIDS

But what about non-homosexual cases? Nineteen eighty-seven, as you'll remember, was the year of the heterosexual AIDS explosion. As *U.S. News & World Report* put it in January of that year, "the disease of them is suddenly the disease of *us*." Surgeon General Koop said in 1987, "If the heterosexual explosion follows the homosexual explosion, then we are in for unbelievable trouble." On the same occasion he also asserted his belief that the seropositivity level in the U.S. was "much higher" than the 1.5 million CDC figure.

To the chagrin of many of the experts, no such explosion took place. The good surgeon general now tells interviewers, "From the very beginning, I've said there does not appear to be any chance that there will be an explosion in the heterosexual [population]."

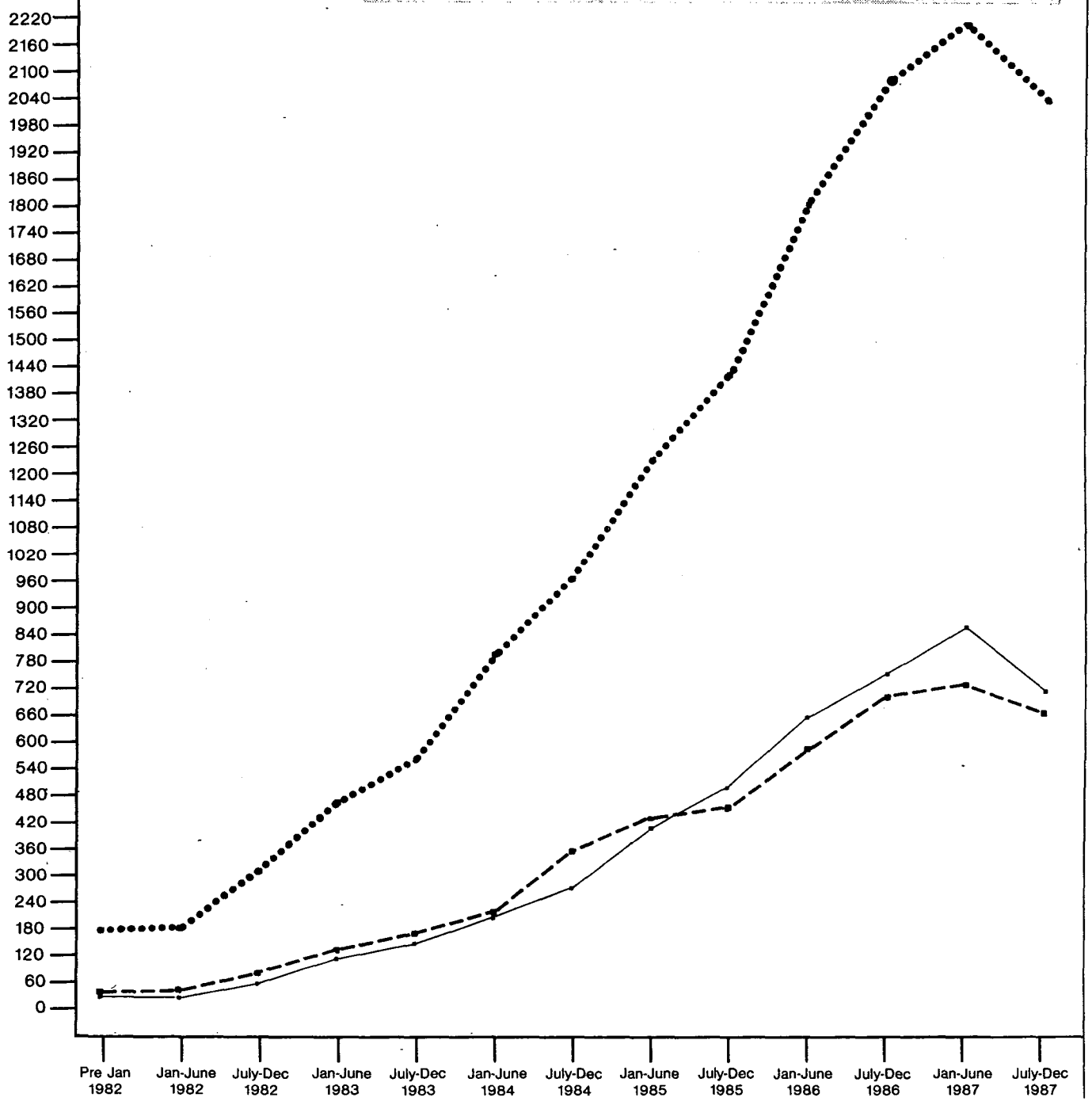
Twelve years after the first heterosexual AIDS cases began showing up in New York City (researchers have traced cases back to 1977), AIDS remains confined almost exclusively to homosexuals, IVDAs, recipients of blood products prior to 1986, and the steady sexual partners of the above. As mentioned earlier, slightly less than three percent of all diagnosed AIDS cases in this country have been attributed to heterosexual transmission in native-born Americans. In New York City, the heterosexual AIDS capital of the United States, out of more than 18,000 total cases, only seven males have been identified as having contracted AIDS through heterosexual intercourse. If other health departments interviewed patients as carefully as New York does, efficiently screening out those IVDAs and active homosexuals who don't admit to homosexual intercourse or shared needles, we might find but a score of such men in the entire country.

Blood tests also indicate that AIDS remains tightly confined to a few high-risk groups. The prevalence of HIV infection in military recruits not belonging to the aforementioned high-risk groups has been estimated at 0.02 percent or less, or one in 5,000. In first-time blood donors this figure drops to 0.006 percent, or six per 100,000. While it's true that these groups are not fully representative of the general population, the self-selection factors that make them different can be assumed to be constant. Therefore, there's no reason to think that a significant overall increase in seropositivity would not also show up in their ranks. If it were true that, as Masters and Johnson boldly asserted, there were 200,000 non-drug using heterosexuals infected in the nation, or that, as Kevin Hopkins and William Johnston of the Hudson Institute more boldly assert, there are 200,000 to 500,000 such heterosexuals in the country, they wouldn't consider themselves high-risk and wouldn't know to opt out of blood donations or military applications. In other words, if they were out there, we'd know it. Thus, a team of CDC scientists writing

AIDS DIAGNOSES BY HALF YEARS IN SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, AND NEW YORK CITY

Figures in parentheses equal estimated number of cases that fit old (pre-September 1987) AIDS definition only.

	San Francisco	Los Angeles	New York City
Pre-Jan 1982	31	23	174
Jan-June 1982	34	19	179
July-Dec 1982	69	56	307
Jan-June 1983	126	110	466
July-Dec 1983	169	147	555
Jan-June 1984	223	196	793
July-Dec 1984	354	267	961
Jan-June 1985	425	406	1233
July-Dec 1985	451	492	1426
Jan-June 1986	583	658	1805
July-Dec 1986	702	753	2091
Jan-June 1987	722	851	2212
July-Dec 1987	740 (666)	794 (715)	2268 (2041)



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in the February 5, 1988, issue of *Science*, noting the above donor and military figures, concluded, "These preliminary data suggest that the proportion of 'unexplained' heterosexual HIV transmission is not much higher than predicted from analysis of reported cases of AIDS." In an editorial in the October 7, 1988, *Journal of the American Medical Association*, Dr. H. Hunter Handsfield, director of the Seattle-King County Department of Health, wrote: "Even when the prolonged interval from HIV infection to overt AIDS is taken into account, it is likely that the classification of reported cases accurately reflects the actual patterns of transmission."

More recent figures from blood testing of all women giving birth in California during last October showed that out of 43,301 tested, only thirty-six proved positive. Considering that this is the land of East Los Angeles, Watts, and Oakland, and that these women are by definition heterosexual, sexually active, and of the ages during which IV drug use is most common, a rate of 8.3 per 10,000 is wonderful news. The media greeted it with silence.

Fear and Loathing in New York

Just as CDC has been forced to reduce its estimate of the number of seropositives, so too has the City of New York. Originally, in 1987, its Department of Health estimated 500,000 infections in the city. Later, this figure was dropped to 400,000 when better information on infection prevalence and the size of at-risk groups had been collected. This past July the *New York Times* ran an article quoting community leaders responding to the news that AIDS researchers were coming to a consensus that almost all seropositives would eventually fall ill. As usual, the line was that of maximum hype. Said the chairman of New York State's AIDS Advisory Council: "I shudder to think what happens if we try to put 400,000 people into the system without better preparation than we have shown to date." A spokesman for the Gay Men's Health Crisis, a major private agency, said the projection was "numbing, absolutely numbing." Mathilde Krim, the well-known AIDS fundraiser, rounded the Department of Health figure up to half a million *and* accelerated the incubation rate by assuming they would all die within a decade, saying, "Half a million people are going to die here in the next ten years . . ."

No one quoted by the article noted that the 400,000 figure was completely at odds with the CDC estimate of one million to 1.4 million infections in combination with the New York City Department of Health's estimate that 15 percent of those cases would be New Yorkers. (The resulting figure would be 142,000 to 210,000 infections.) Nor did anyone quoted by the *Times* note that the 400,000 figure was incompatible with the extreme slowing of reported AIDS cases.

Thus, it came as a shock when the following week the Department of Health released new numbers that sliced the old figures in half, estimating that there were in fact 200,000 total infections in the city. With the 400,000 figure generating such dread, one might think that this revised, lower estimate would cause an outpouring of relief.

The press treats the CDC projections as sacrosanct; but CDC officials will tell you, as chief epidemiologist Harold Jaffe put it to me, "That's just stupid."

Not a chance. Members of an activist group called the AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power (ACT-UP), which promotes whatever will advance the curing and patient-care of those now suffering from HIV, besieged the director of the Department of Health, Stephen Joseph. They heckled him at public appearances, disrupted his private meetings, and demanded his resignation. Joseph says he has also received hostile phone calls at home and at the office. Eleven ACT-UP members were arrested at a sit-in outside his office. The *New York Native*, the city's leading homosexual newspaper, later depicted Joseph on its cover with a Cheshire Cat grin, spouting mumbo-jumbo about the number of seropositives in the city. "It's the statistical cure of AIDS," said Dr. Barry Leibowitz, president of the Doctors Council, a union representing physicians on the Health Department staff and at several hospitals. He said he feared that the new estimate would be "used to give us less when we desperately need more" funds and services to treat current as well as future patients. Writer Kristin Loomis, in the March 6, 1989, *New York* magazine, strongly implied that the reduction was a conspiracy on the part of the Health Department to make up for the lack of hospital beds. As part of her evidence, she stated that "last fall the CDC proposed a range of 150,000 to 380,000 infections in New York City." In fact, officials with both the New York Department of Health and CDC confirmed to me that CDC never proposed a range for New York nor any other city.

In any event, the lowered estimate wasn't a cure for anything except an earlier faulty estimate, and Joseph and his staff were quick to point out that the estimates upon which the city planned its medical services weren't based on the estimate of seropositivity. Instead, they were calculated from the projected caseload for the next three years, a mathematical extrapolation from the present caseload trend.

The adjustment also reflected a reduction in the estimate of infected New York homosexuals in the city from 250,000 to 50,000. According to Joseph, "Our previous estimates were based in part upon extrapolation from data published by Kinsey several decades ago, estimating that one out of ten men engaged in homosexual behavior . . ." The new estimate, he explained, was based in part on more refined estimates of the number of homosexuals in San Francisco, which a telephone poll in 1984 indicated to be about 56,000, including bisexuals.

> For some time . . . Health Department researchers have noted a disparity between the ratio of AIDS cases to the estimated number of gay men in New York City versus San Francisco: New York City, with a total population ten times that of San Francisco, has been estimated to have a population of gay men several times larger than San Francisco's, yet its AIDS caseload of homosexual men is less than twice that [of San Francisco] . . .

Assuming that the ratio of seropositive homosexual men with AIDS is about the same in the two cities, "that would produce," said Joseph, "an estimate of 50,000 HIV-infected gay men in New York City, rather than the previously estimated 200,000 to 250,000."

Thus the bitter reaction of the New York homosexual population to the new figure was a natural response to a double whammy. First, homosexuals worried that reducing the estimate might reduce impetus to find a cure. But second, the new figures implied that New York's homosexual population might not be as large as previously assumed, and any dramatic reduction of the estimated size of the homosexual population seriously threatens their own power base. Could the long-assumed Kinsey "ten percent" be just a myth?

According to lore, Alfred Kinsey, in his landmark 1948 study, found that ten percent of all Americans are homosexual. The importance of this 40-year-old statistical assumption to the cause of the acceptance of homosexuality in our society cannot be overstated. "We are everywhere!" was one of the rallying cries of the Gay Liberation Movement. The 10-percent figure is also regularly employed as a lobbying tool by such groups as the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, which claims to represent "23 million Gay and lesbian persons."

But the fact is, Kinsey never gave any such ten percent figure. What he said was that 10 percent of males are "more or less exclusively homosexual for at least three years between the ages of sixteen and fifty-five." Dropping the "more or less" and the "three years" reduces to four percent the figure that Kinsey says applies to men who are exclusively homosexual throughout their lives. A new Kinsey report, conducted in 1970 but first released in the January 20 issue of *Science*, tends to confirm this four percent figure. Further, the first Kinsey report indicated that there are far fewer lesbians than male homosexuals.

Whether for purposes of deciding who is represented by the NGLTF or who has HIV, the ten percent figure hardly seems a good indicator. Nevertheless, it is the ten percent figure that New York had used earlier to arrive at its estimate that there were 400,000 homosexuals in the city. (CDC, incidentally, uses the four percent figure in its calculations.)

Already buffeted by AIDS, by the public scrutiny the epidemic has brought to the homosexual population and its sexual practices, and by the inherent stigma in being identified with a particularly hideous disease, homosexual activists were naturally disinclined to hear that the population they allegedly represent is much smaller than had been widely believed. Indeed, the columnist Patrick Buchanan picked up on the New York figures and made just that point in a column last September.

Such was the outcry at the new figures that New York City quickly came up with yet another estimate. This time it covered itself in two ways. First, it took a hint from CDC and set a range of seropositivity—from 149,000 to 229,000—effectively allowing its estimate to go even lower. Next, it denied that its lower estimate necessarily meant that there were fewer homosexuals in the city than previously believed. "A number of commentators have inferred that our new estimate of infection strongly implies that the male gay/bisexual population . . . is much smaller than the 250,000-500,000 commonly asserted," said the new report. Instead, it stated that the lowered number of infected homosexuals could

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simply mean that the percentage of homosexuals infected was much smaller than previously believed.

And it indeed is possible that seropositivity levels are much lower than previously believed. Estimates of seropositivity in New York are based on sampling at STD clinics which might well be unrepresentative of homosexuals. But the report's statement clearly contradicts Joseph's earlier statements. By rejecting the Kinsey figure (the mythical ten percent, that is) and accepting the San Francisco figures, there can be no other conclusion but that Joseph was saying New York had little more than twice as many homosexuals as San Francisco's 56,000, and that therefore New York's homosexual population is far below the alleged Kinsey ten percent. Further, the new explanation—that it might not be that there are fewer homosexuals, just fewer infected homosexuals—is an implicit rejection of the validity of San Francisco's seropositivity studies. In order to keep the homosexual level in New York at 250,000, the seropositivity level among New York homosexuals would have to be reduced from 50 percent to about 20 percent. San Francisco's seropositivity studies all indicate that about 50 percent of that city's homosexuals are infected.

Nevertheless, as convoluted and inconsistent as this new explanation was, it helped get the city off the hook with angry homosexuals. Joseph also used the new explanation to blast Buchanan, accusing him of advancing "an agenda of bigotry and divisiveness," notwithstanding that the *New York Times* had come to the same obvious conclusion that Buchanan had.

As to the true level of seropositivity among homosexuals, the explanation for the lack of infected homosexuals is probably a combination of both fewer homosexuals and lowered levels of seropositivity. Kinsey properly rated homosexuals on a continuum instead of making a flat calculation. Similar caution should prevent us from offering a flat figure for the number of homosexuals who are seropositive. If one regards any man who has ever engaged in a sex act with another man as a homosexual, then the degree of seropositivity among homosexuals is probably quite low. If one regards this category as comprising only those who engage in a fairly active homosexual life (what most of us regard as being homosexual), then the seropositive rate is probably quite high. In any case, the myth of the Kinsey ten percent could prove to be yet another casualty of the AIDS epidemic.

Having viewed the political pitfalls New York City encountered with its estimates, the New York State Department of Health stuck its finger into the political winds and was much more circumspect. It announced that it would not rely upon the new New York seropositivity estimate, and, completely ignoring the plateauing of actual cases in the city, in December New York State health officials extended their projections to show an unabated increase in cases for the next five years. *New York*'s Loomis, of course, also ignored the plateau, as indeed she would have to in order to write her terrifying article about how the city was grossly unprepared for the tidal wave to come.

Rumblings of Discontent

But is there really anything wrong with exaggerating the epidemic? Is there any harm done by "erring on the side of caution" by pumping funds, and attention in general, toward AIDS?

The new figures implied that New York's homosexual population might not be as large as previously assumed.

Yes. We live in a world of finite resources. Money and attention devoted to one cause means resources pulled off another. There is a connection between the perception of AIDS as a national catastrophe and the willingness to fund the campaign against it. It isn't the present caseload; there are still fourteen causes of death in America that are ahead of AIDS. It's the *predictions* of millions or tens of millions or hundreds of millions of future cases that has so many Americans rating AIDS as the number one health priority. As ACT-UP is well aware, to challenge those predictions is to challenge the idea of pouring massive resources into the fight.

Indeed, rumblings of discontent with our AIDS preoccupation are already being heard. Just before stepping down recently as director of the National Cancer Institute (NCI), Dr. Vincent DeVita bemoaned the loss of resources to the AIDS industry. AIDS "has been an extraordinary drain on the energy of the scientific establishment," he said. "It's taken a lot of intellectual energy away from the cancer program." The American Heart Association, for its part, has begun running television ads showing the risk of getting AIDS versus that of getting heart disease in order to prompt more donations for heart research.

Despite the far greater health threat posed by cancer, federal AIDS funding, allocated to PHS at $1.3 billion (of which about $400 million goes to education, not research), now nearly matches cancer funding. (Cancer funding, with the AIDS portion pulled out, comes to about $1.45 billion for next year.) Even if AIDS kept up with the CDC projection and didn't peak until 1993, AIDS cases diagnosed that year will be but one-fourth of all 1993 cancer deaths. Each year a million cases of cancer are diagnosed, almost half of which end in death. This will be true next year and the year after that, with no peaking or decline until scientists bring one about. Heart disease kills even more people than cancer, over 750,000 Americans a year, yet its funding this fiscal year is only slightly more than $1 billion. In the Bush Administration's proposed budget for 1990, AIDS will surpass cancer at $1.6 billion.

As the *Washington Post* recently reported, AIDS research has drained cancer research to a point where NCI's ability to fund promising new proposals is more restricted than at any time in the past two decades. During fiscal year 1989, only 25 percent of cancer grant applications approved by review committees will receive funding. During the 1970s, between 43 and 60 percent of such approved grants were funded. Two top NCI doctors have recently left the agency, partly in frustration over this. "They bled cancer to feed AIDS in terms of people's time," one of the doctors told the *Post*.

Perhaps, as some have suggested, we could just trade funds earmarked for F-16s or MX missiles for AIDS research. But even this wouldn't solve one major part of the problem, which is a drain on the number of researchers. This is pretty much a zero-sum game. It takes up to a decade to put a high school graduate through medical school. Thus in the short run, AIDS researchers must come from—and indeed have come from—other research areas, primarily but not exclusively cancer. Last year, in a medical newspaper called the *Scientist*, two young psychiatric researchers spoke of having to resist the "seduction" of AIDS research money. "Unfortunately," they wrote, "many other young scientists may have no choice but to go into the field that offers the most easily obtained funding. If this happens, other areas of research important to the welfare of the U.S. public will be neglected for years to come." One of the two retiring top NCI officials told the *Post* that NCI "is withering away." Further, in last year's appropriations bill, Congress specifically called for hiring an additional 780 AIDS researchers. Where will they come from? They'll come from the same place they've been coming from. For non-AIDS work, the National Institutes of Health has lost almost 1,100 employees since 1984. During the same period, according to *Science* magazine, the number of employees engaged in AIDS work has increased by more than 400, to 580 workers or their full-time equivalents.

A slogan making the rounds on signs and bumper stickers reads, "The government has blood on its hands: One AIDS death every half hour." Assuming the premise that government has a duty to fund the curing of disease, why doesn't it have blood on its hands for the twenty-seven cancer deaths every half hour? Or forty-four heart disease deaths? Of course, a comparison of death counts is not the only appropriate factor in allocating funding and researchers. Another argument used to support massive AIDS spending refers to federal spending for patient care: we should fund AIDS research now so we won't have to spend so much on AIDS patient care in the future. In other words, "Pay me now or pay me later." But when the psychiatric researchers mentioned above made a comparison, they found that in terms of persons affected and patient costs, direct and indirect, the toll caused by psychiatric disorders swamps that of AIDS. And the ratio of AIDS research and development spending to federal patient costs is vastly out of proportion to other deadly diseases. For example, cancer research expenditures will equal about 4.5 percent of cancer patient costs. For heart disease it is about 2.9 percent. And for Alzheimer's disease—a cruel malady that, because people are living longer, will take an ever-higher yearly toll unless medical intervention becomes possible—federal research expenditures will equal less than one percent of federal patient costs. But with AIDS, using a conservative estimate for federal patient costs, federal research expenditures will be an almost incredible *230 percent greater* than federal patient costs for AIDS patients this year.

AIDS is a terrible disease. Its newness makes it seem all the more so. But it is just a disease and not an Andromeda Strain, as the novelist Michael Crichton has taken pains to point out. And while its awesome fatality rate is a curse, its extremely inefficient transmission is a blessing. It's time to take AIDS out of the realm of science fiction and put it within the wide spectrum of diseases and other problems which continue to plague mankind and which, we may hope, will eventually themselves fall victim to man's increasing collective knowledge. It's time for the AIDS hysteria to end and for some rational thinking to begin. □

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GOD IS A FRENCH SOCIALIST

by Mark Lilla

He's back. After nearly nine months of eerie silence following his re-election last year, French President Francois Mitterrand in mid-February finally appeared before the nation on prime-time television. He would have preferred not to. Since October his fragile government has been challenged by a seemingly endless series of public service strikes that began among nurses, then spread to train conductors, mailmen, TV reporters, teachers, prison guards—even weathermen. His unfortunate prime minister, Michel Rocard, working without a socialist majority in Parliament, has taken all the heat while *Dieu* (as the French call Mitterrand) has remained firmly *caché*. Yet a series of serious financial scandals recently touched the president's inner circle, forcing him—and his ideas—into the open. On Sunday night, February 12, the streets were empty for two hours as the French finally got a look at the man they re-elected last year.

The trouble began this January when two, seemingly unrelated, stock-exchange scams came to light. The first was a simple case of American-style insider trading. Last November the socialist government proudly announced that a nationalized firm called Pechiney had purchased American National Can from an American conglomerate named Triangle Industries, thus making Pechiney the world's largest packaging firm. But soon after the announcement the SEC informed its smaller French counterpart that the deal looked fishy, and asked for clarifications. Word soon leaked, and in January the finance minister, Pierre Bérégovoy, admitted that an investigation was underway. It was reported that a group of investors who had been tipped off about the government's impending buyout had bought a lot of Triangle stock through foreign intermediaries. Among the investors was one of Mitterrand's oldest friends, Roger-Patrice Pelat, said to have bought 50,000 shares. The reported intermediary was a Lebanese financier named Samir Traboulsi, a close friend of Bérégovoy's cabinet chief who also was recently admitted to the Legion of Honor. The cabinet chief resigned, and the courts brought formal charges against the investors, including Mitterrand's friend Pelat, for receiving insider information. Pelat promptly died of a heart attack, further complicating the investigation.

The second case is more interesting and more French. In 1986, when Mitterrand was forced to "cohabitate" with a conservative cabinet, Prime Minister Jacques Chirac began to privatize nationalized firms. Among them was the giant bank Société Générale. But in typically French fashion the bank was not fully privatized, for fear of its falling into "foreign hands." Instead, Chirac's government created a small group of French investors who were sold privileged shares, with the understanding that this "hard core" would not be able to sell them for five years, thereby insuring French control. The socialists rightly condemned this as cronyism, not economic liberalism, but were unable to touch the "hard core" until Chirac's government was defeated last year. During the campaign, however, Mitterrand had promised no new nationalizations or privatizations, so Bérégovoy was forced to seek indirect means of stripping Chirac's cronies of their power.

In October a group of private investors, all friendly to the Mitterrand government, miraculously announced their purchase of enough Société Générale stock to challenge the "hard core." Conservatives cried foul, charging the socialists with using government agencies to aid their friends in the buyout. The socialists succeeded in stonewalling (which is incredibly easy in France) until Mitterrand's own industry minister blabbed, telling a magazine reporter that he found the Société Générale affair much more troubling than Pechiney. Damage control became impossible as new clues came to light. These suggested that some investors had bought Société Générale stock over a year ago and had "parked" it abroad, awaiting government encouragement of a buyout. When that encouragement arrived, they sold the stock at twice the price.

Further investigation then revealed that the private purchasers had not used just their own money, but that roughly a third of it (a billion francs) had been put up by the government itself through a mysterious, but extremely powerful, public investment agency called the Caisse des Dépôts. The Caisse was set up after Napoleon to finance public works (which it still does), but it has now become one of the most important forces shaping the French "mixed" economy. It is surely the largest single investor in France, directing a trillion-franc portfolio that includes shares in forests, public housing, banks, tourist parks, and Club Med—all in the public interest, of course. The problem is that it is only controlled *a posteriori* by a parliamentary commission that tends not to ask the bureaucrats too many questions, leaving plenty of room for potential scandals. In this case it appears that the Caisse allowed the government to buy inflated stock to enrich its socialist friends, all in the name of challenging the conservatives' "hard core."

Mitterrand had not wanted to address *"les affaires,"* claiming they were a matter for the courts. But when his loose-lipped industry minister was asked to appear on a popular political show moderated by a socialist sympathizer, Mitterrand's hand was forced. He made his availability known to the moderator, and the minister was dropped from the show (and has not been invited back). Mitterrand also knew that the stakes were high. No one believes that he encouraged his friend Pelat to use their relationship for private gain: Mitterrand is too scrupulous for that. The issue is political. Pechiney raises very serious questions about corruption in nationalized French industries. And the Société Générale affair shows that the problem is no less severe when the government makes "public investment

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decisions" or carries out an "industrial policy" through the bureaucracy. (Robert Reich, please take note.) A mixed economy gives rise to opportunities for special, invidious forms of corruption that can quickly destabilize a government. Mitterrand realizes this. So when he went before the nation in February he knew that the real question was not *"les affaires,"* but the future of the French mixed economy.

He came right to the point. After a short, Checkers-like monologue about the humble virtues of his friend Pelat ("his mother was a washerwoman"), he turned to the real culprit: corporate capitalism. At times one thought Mitterrand had exhausted the stock of vituperative French adjectives, but he always managed to find another to continue his attack on the "speculators." The real *affaires*, he said, are not Pechiney and Société Générale, but the everyday frauds of the stock market. Money made on the exchange is always "easy," "suspect," "corrupting," and "promiscuous." *Le Monde* did not exaggerate in comparing his tone to that of "a nun talking about a bordello." Scandals are inevitable, he said, as long as the French allowed "birds of prey" to speculate on the French economic patrimony, dividing it to sell to the Americans and Japanese. For two hours he denounced the organized "gangsterism" of corporate takeovers that now threatened to "pillage" the French economy. Of course he emphasized his support for hard work and investment that "serves our country." But he was not about to stand idle in the face of those who wanted to impose a "kind of jungle" on France in the name of a "backward liberalism that was already outmoded in the nineteenth century."

The French were stunned by Mitterrand's discourse, and the stock market plunged for three straight days. His heartfelt vehemence really seemed to strike a chord—and a surprising one. The newspapers have all been highly critical—calling him "archaic," "one-hundred years behind the times"—and an instant TV poll I saw had the French two-to-one *against* Mitterrand's attacks on "easy money." Actually, this makes sense. One reason is that six million ordinary Frenchmen are now making "easy money" as small investors in the market, thanks in large part to stock-exchange reforms made by Bérégovoy during Mitterrand's first term. Second, the Socialist party itself has been courting "birds of prey" into its ranks, recently selecting France's most famous self-made millionaire, Bernard Tapie, as a local candidate. Finally, everyone realizes that the European consolidation in 1992 will mean more economic liberalism and foreign investment, not less, if France hopes to compete with its European neighbors.

This was brought home a few days later when the *Wall Street Journal/Europe* printed an interview it had done before Mitterrand's speech with Prime Minister Rocard. Rocard is not a bad guy, and until *les affaires* he had successfully prevented the government from going after the "hard cores" through legislation. (Now he's been forced into it to save Bérégovoy's face.) Before the president's attack on the robber barons he could hardly find the words to express France's commitment to open (slowly) its economic borders and to encourage investment—at home, through the stock market, and abroad. The French know this will be necessary, even if it means some dislocations and runs against the grain of their conception of the national interest. They also know that *les affaires* arose because of direct government involvement in private investment decisions, and not because of the nature of lucre. What makes these *"affaires"* and not just ordinary white-collar crimes is that someone appears to have used public institutions to commit them.

So if the French are not about to respond to Mitterrand's call back to the faith, the question remains: What was he up to? Some have seen in his attack on business a strategic move to outflank the Communist party in upcoming local elections, which is no doubt true. But no single interview on this subject is about to attract committed votes away from the Communists—and only committed votes remain among this ever-dwindling electorate. (Unless, of course, he thought that a two-hour discourse attacking capitalism would remind them of Fidel Castro.)

No, the only persuasive explanation for Mitterrand's extraordinary attack on the money changers is that he actually believes what he said. And not just Margaret Thatcher should find that disturbing. When the French re-elected Mitterrand last year, they did so explicitly because he had renounced the disastrous political and economic policies that brought down his first socialist government in 1986. They voted for him because he had turned his back on the ideological tradition of his party and had become *Tonton* ("Uncle"), the leader of "unified France" who promised to seek an "opening" with the centrist parties. And they explicitly denied his party a parliamentary majority, to insure that he would not backslide. Since the election, political commentators have recognized (whether they like it or not) the arrival of "the centrist republic," a France that seems finally to have ended its flirtation with the radical political doctrines of right and left that denied the republic's legitimacy. The French decided to make their peace with that republic and, little by little, are now making their peace with capitalism. In many ways Mitterrand is responsible for this political development, and so far he has kept his campaign promise to govern from the center. But, in ideological terms, the political center is not always the economic center. The French, I think, may have assumed that Mitterrand's political transformation had been accompanied by an economic conversion too. It must have been quite a shock to discover that, when it comes to capitalism, *Dieu* is still a socialist. □

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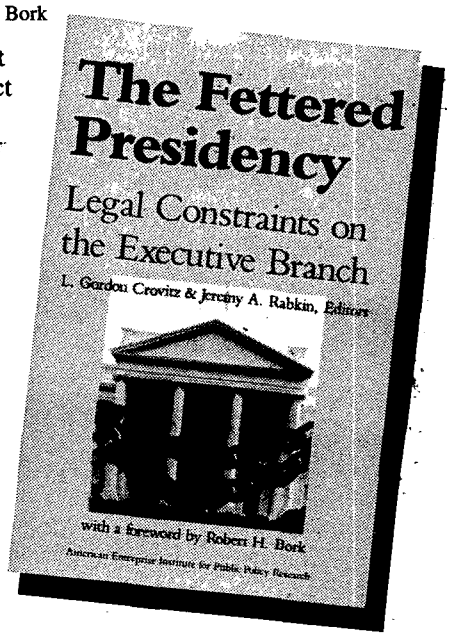
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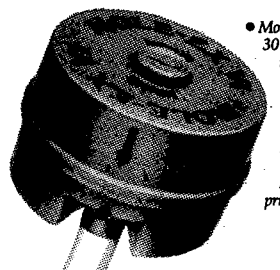

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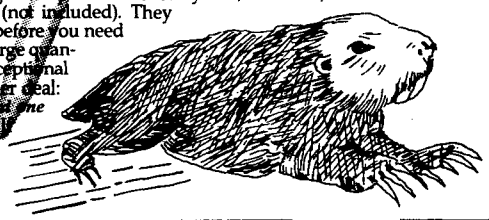

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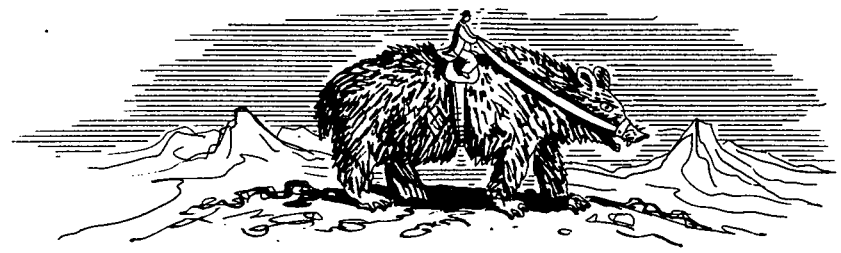

ENDGAME: PRESSURING GORBO

by Michael Ledeen

The disintegration of the Soviet Empire continues apace. As Soviet journals and newspapers report the horrors of the health system, the degradation of the environment, and the miseries of the barren markets, the Red Army maintains a wary control over simmering Armenia, and the KGB clamps down on such truly free publications as *Glasnost* magazine, and prevents real Ukrainian dissidents from meeting Gorbachev on the streets of Lvov. To no avail; the Kremlin's defeat in Afghanistan has encouraged the freedom fighters throughout the empire. Hungary—with one of the highest per-capita debts in the world—has declared the end of the single-party system, and announced that the barbed wire fences and concrete guard towers along the Austrian border are coming down. Poland's Communist regime thrashes in the grips of church and Solidarity, trying to avoid the destiny of a government that has long since lost its claim to political legitimacy. Alarmed at the course of events, East Germany arrests the growing queues asking for visas to the West, and the Stalinists in Prague send playwright Vaclav Havel to jail, warning darkly that there will be no perestroika in the People's Republic of Czechoslovakia.

As always with such fundamental changes, the Soviet revolution moves in fits and starts. While it may yet be possible to reverse the course of events, I doubt that the current rulers in the Kremlin have the stomach for sending the Red Army to undo glasnost and perestroika. Without that cudgel, it is hard to imagine the genie of freedom returning to the Stalinist bottle whence she has so recently emerged. Thus, in at least some of the East European nations, and eventually in the Soviet Union itself, the empire will continue to frazzle and erode. At some point in the future—perhaps the very near future—we may even see some explosions, as the rage pent up over the past seventy years bursts the unnatural constraints put in place by Lenin and his heirs. The Kremlin will have some very difficult decisions to make, and we may suddenly find ourselves major players in a brand new game. We must now ask ourselves what we want from all of this, and what we can do to achieve our objectives. It is hard to craft an effective strategy unless we know the definition of victory.

We must first appreciate how they got in this mess. There are many who treat the Soviet crisis as almost entirely a catastrophe of the Soviets' own making, and surely the Kremlin deserves most of the credit for the country's current plight. But in at least one major area—the substantial and growing gap between Western and Soviet technologies—our own policies have delivered a severe blow to the Soviets. Thanks to the export control policies instituted by Caspar Weinberger, Richard Perle, and Stephen Bryen, the Soviets have been unable to lay their hands on the latest bits of hardware and computer software that they need to keep pace with the remarkable rate of advance in the free marketplaces. Soviet spokesmen, from Gorbachev and Shevardnadze on down, rarely miss an opportunity to denounce the system of export controls and its Western-wide coordinating committee, COCOM. They have good reason to do so, for as long as they cannot gain access to Western technology, the Soviet system's backwardness and inefficiency will doom the Kremlin to long-term inferiority. And this fatally affects the balance of military power as well.

Knowing this, the Kremlin has mounted a massive campaign of technological espionage. Unable to buy the technology they so desperately need, or to develop it themselves, they have set about stealing it. Western intelligence services were largely unaware of the dimensions of this enterprise until the early 1980s, when French President Francois Mitterrand brought Ronald Reagan an unusual present: thousands of pages of KGB documents that showed precisely how virtually every Soviet-Western cultural exchange, trade mission, business deal, and seminar was used by the Kremlin to steal technological secrets. This information was given the French during a brief (eight-month) operation. Codenamed "Farewell," the agent was a KGB officer who had served in the Soviet mission to Paris, and upon his return to Moscow became disillusioned with Soviet society. Farewell contacted a French businessman he had known in Paris and offered to pass the information to the French government if a secure method could be arranged. This was done when the DST—the French equivalent of the FBI—decided that the best person to serve as "case officer" for Farewell was the French businessman himself. One of the unique features of this amazing story is that from beginning to end no French intelligence officer ever spoke to (or even saw) Farewell.

The Farewell papers (along with the testimony of such key defectors as Ion Mihai Pacepa, the deputy director of Rumanian intelligence who told the American government that he had spent 80 percent of his time over twenty years engaged in technological espionage) pinpointed both the weakness of the Soviet system, and the Kremlin's recognition of it.

This should be the starting point for our policy thinking. For the one great mistake—perhaps the only truly monumental blunder—we could make would be to ease up on the export control policies that have been so effective. Yet many businessmen and government officials throughout the Western world are arguing that we should do precisely this. The loudest voices are not American—they are German (with lead tenor Hans Dietrich Genscher), Japanese (as exemplified by

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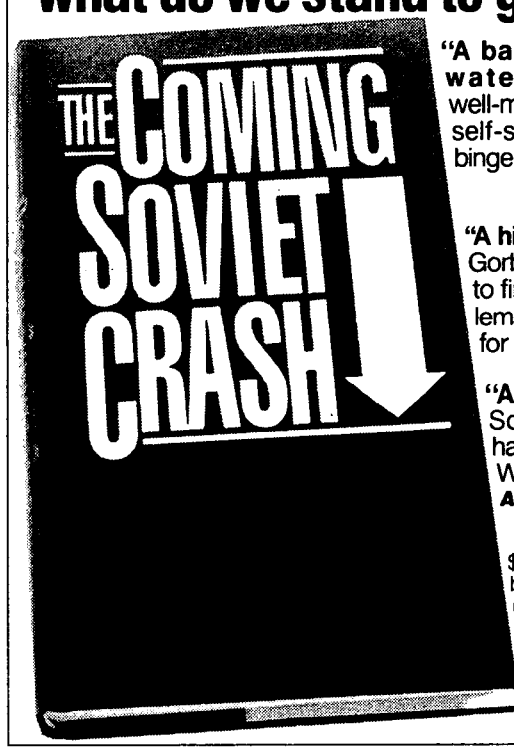
Michael Ledeen is senior fellow in international affairs at the Center for Strategic and International Studies in Washington, D.C.

Gorbachev needs us because the USSR needs cash—desperately. But what do we stand to gain-and lose?



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the host of traitors within the Toshiba cartel), and even British—but we can hear them in Washington, New York, and Los Angeles as well. Most of the time they chant a catchy chorus: "Save Gorbachev."

It's a seductive lyric, and the Soviets are doing everything possible to sell it, along with their other favorite leitmotif: "Loans, loans, credits, credits." After all, they say, don't you like Gorbachev? Don't you like the easing of tensions? Don't you like the retreat from Afghanistan, the clearout from Angola, and the drop in military spending? Don't you like the arms control agreements? Don't you like perestroika? Would you prefer the bad old days with high tension, domestic repression, and the arms race?

Of course we prefer Gorbachev's policies, but those policies are a result of a failed Soviet system and some of our own good decisions. Glasnost and perestroika were undertaken because the system doesn't work, not because of a mass conversion of the Politburo to the values of the Sermon on the Mount. And this is, of course, precisely what we have been waiting and working for, believing as we do that our system is superior to theirs, and that eventually they will have to sue for peace. We must not now bail them out of a crisis that they richly deserve and for which we have worked so long and hard.

There is another consideration, one that Western bankers and businessmen should keep in mind as they chant "Save Gorbachev" at us. Today the Soviet Empire is far less creditworthy than the Latin American (and even some African) poor currently seeking our investments, credits, and technology. On sheer business grounds, we are likely to make more money in those areas than in a failed Soviet system that has proved itself utterly incapable of competing in the world marketplace. And if we succeed in Latin America and Africa, we improve our strategic position, while if we succeed in the empire, we strengthen our historic enemies. So "Save Gorbachev" has a tag line: "and increase your risk."

If they are ready to come to terms, then and only then should we be prepared to ease up on the pressure. Our objectives include the following:

- Elimination of the Soviet presence from our hemisphere.
- Freedom (and therefore, inevitably, democracy) for the East European satellites.
- Substantial reduction in Soviet military power.
- Democratization of the Soviet system.

Parts, if not all, of the first three objectives may be achievable in our lifetimes, even perhaps in the fairly near future; for anyone to seriously contemplate the fourth requires a leap of faith that I am not yet prepared to make. But the point of listing the objectives is to ask about price. What are we prepared to pay for these fundamental shifts in the strategic equation? What would we give to have the Soviets pull the plug on Fidel and his international marauders and drug-traffickers? To what extent are we prepared to invest in newly freed Poles and Hungarians? And what, if anything, are we willing to offer in return for a durable reduction in the might of the Red Army?

I don't know the price for Cuba, but I'd sure love to have the chance to bid on it. As for Eastern Europe, once the various walls, fences, and guard towers come down, and multiparty systems are in place and functioning, I think we should be willing to offer aid, investment, and assistance to freely elected governments. And if the Red Army comes down to a size appropriate for defense rather than the invasion of Western Europe, then . . . then we say "thank you," and reduce our own defense budget. But under no circumstances must we start the flow of money or technology before the promised

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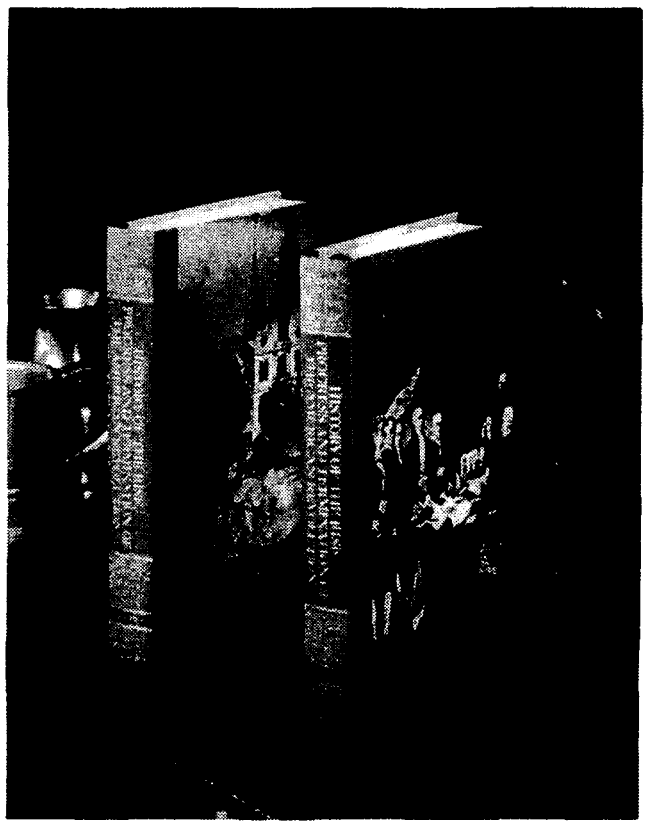

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changes have actually taken place. And even then, in a period of limited Western resources, we should keep in mind Senator Bill Bradley's unforgettable war cry: every dollar, deutschmark, or yen that goes to the Soviet bloc is a dollar, deutschmark, or yen that is not being spent to advance the cause of democracy in Latin America. We will no doubt have to remind the Armand Hammers and Dwayne Andreases of these basic principles on several occasions in the next year or two (and let's hope that Commerce Secretary Mosbacher proves tougher minded than his two predecessors, both of whom came to believe they were appointed in order to expand trade with the Soviet bloc).

So far, so good. President Bush has said all the right things. Secretary of State Baker has yet to define his positions, but it is worth recalling that Treasury Secretary Baker was not a tower of strength in this field. He was opposed even to high-level Alliance-wide discussions of the national security implications of West-East lending. It may be that the world looks different to him now, having moved from Pennsylvania Avenue to Foggy Bottom, and his intimate friendship with the President gives reason for optimism, as does his attention to prevailing political wind direction. There is a solid congressional consensus against unrestricted lending to the Warsaw Pact, and any effort to cut a "Save Gorbachev" financial deal would be vigorously challenged from Capitol Hill.

If Bush and his cabinet stick to the President's announced principles, and think through the endgame, we may yet grab the trophy for the winner of the Great Twilight Struggle. □

THE BUSINESS OF AMERICA

CORPORATISM OUSTS REAGANOMICS

by Irwin M. Stelzer

A little-noticed but profound change in the relationship between government and business is taking shape—a change that expands the role of the federal government and further blurs the line between taxpayers and shareholders, bureaucrats and private sector managers. To some, the change is a welcome recognition of the new realities of world trade and the international economic power struggle; to others, it is another nail in the coffin of Reaganomics, and marks a renewed trend away from market capitalism and toward corporatism.

The change is most obvious in the field of high definition television (HDTV), an area in which successful research would culminate in the manufacture of flat, wall-hung television screens as large as three feet by five feet. It would also provide high resolution screens for military uses such as spy photography, and be a boon to U.S. semiconductor manufacturers.

In short, HDTV has the look of a technological "winner," one that could resurrect the domestic consumer electronics industry, provide hundreds of thousands of jobs, and contribute to the nation's defense. Or so its advocates, particularly those in government, argue. But there seems to be a problem; private sector companies, among them such well-heeled firms as AT&T, are unwilling to back the bureaucrats' hunches. They point out that manufacturers can't yet produce a large HDTV set for under $100,000, that even if the sets could be economically made, they would have to be sold in competition with foreign companies that have established international distribution systems and recognized brand names, and that the Japanese will in any event out-subsidize the American government.

These fears count for little in the Bush Administration. Commerce Secretary Robert Mosbacher has joined Pentagon officials in calling for a government-industry consortium to develop HDTV in the United States. Mosbacher and the Pentagon are determined that this market not be lost to the Japanese, and are prepared to emulate what they see as the Japanese government's successful history of public and private sector cooperation. For support they cite a recent study by an industry advisory committee that called for the establishment of an "American equivalent" of Japan's Ministry of International Trade and Industry (MITI) to coordinate and assist private sector research. Indeed the Bushmen feel that they already have a MITI clone—Darpa (Defense Advanced Research Project Agency)—and need only expand it. Darpa, a small agency (160 staff, most of them highly trained), has been around for thirty years, dolloping out funds to finance military research. (And some say that in doing so it siphons off human and other resources from private sector research, and therefore cripples America's efforts to develop competitive consumer and industrial products.)

Now Darpa intends to expand its reach by cooperating with newly emerging private sector consortiums of once competing, now cooperating firms. Since the line between research for military and for purely commercial applications is indistinct, the Department of Defense has little difficulty in justifying its keen interest and its expenditures in many areas. Darpa programs are being mounted in semiconductors, superconductivity, neural networks (brain-like computers), and chips for communications systems, as well as in HDTV. The funds involved are not trivial: $30 million (over two to three years) for HDTV, $100 million for semiconductors, $25 million for superconductors, $33 million (two years) for neural networks, and $67 million for chips.

In short, we are seeing the development of an "industrial policy," a long-loved liberal euphemism for economic planning. Just when Mikhail Gorbachev is admitting that his bureaucrats aren't smart enough to direct the flow of research and investment funds effi-

Irwin M. Stelzer is chairman of the Regulated Industries Group, Harvard University, and an American correspondent for the London Sunday Times.

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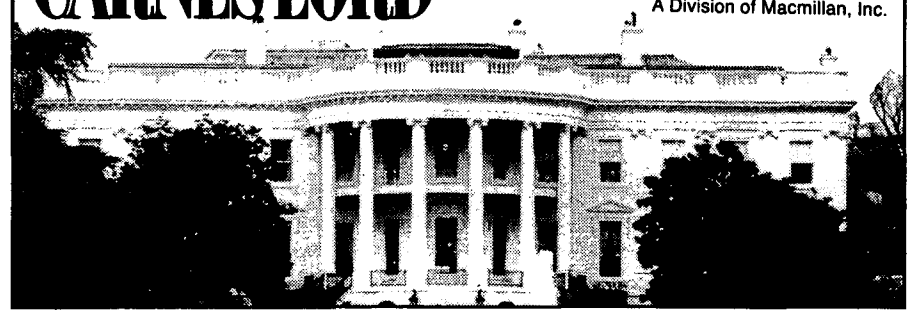

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ciently, President Bush is permitting their American counterparts to undertake just such a role. But rather than adopt this Dukakis-like policy openly, after full debate, Bush's "pragmatists" are doing it covertly, by acquiescing in a quiet expansion of the role of the Department of Defense.

But not only is the relationship of industry to government being transformed; so is the relationship of private sector businesses to each other. All the research efforts involve joint ventures by various companies, organized into consortiums. These industrial groups substitute cartel-like cooperation for competition as the driving force behind innovation. Indeed, in the case of HDTV, the consortium plans to extend its cooperation beyond the research stage into the manufacturing and marketing of the next generation of television sets, and of broadcasting and transmission equipment. Whether Congress will approve this plan for cooperation among AT&T, IBM, Apple Computer, and several smaller firms remains to be seen. But, given current hysteria about the prowess of "Japan, Inc.," and politicians' desire to blame the trade deficit on Japan's unfair trading tactics, political blessing of the arrangement seems highly likely.

Keep in mind that the National Cooperative Research Act, passed in 1984, already provides antitrust exemption for some 110 *research* consortiums. Now Mosbacher has joined Attorney General Richard Thornburgh's call to extend this exemption to some joint *manufacturing* and *distribution* ventures. These Bush "pragmatists" aren't inclined to defend competitive principles: if replacement of competition with cartels, and of free enterprise with government-industry cooperation, seems expedient, no outdated devotion to a free-market ideology will stand in their way.

Unfortunately, public policy issues are not easily solved. Even those who believe most in the competitive organization of American industry can't help wondering whether a bit of coordination within the private sector and with government is needed. For one thing, the pace of technological change is now so rapid, and the changes so fundamental, that old distinctions between private and military research may not be appropriate. Clearly, the Pentagon can no longer go its own way, but must rely on the private sector to develop chips, materials, and other components for its increasingly sophisticated weapons and defense systems. So it needs a vibrant private research sector, and might get more bang for its buck by subsidizing such private efforts than by developing its own research teams.

And, like it or not, private sector "perceptions" must be dealt with. John Shenefield, a vigorous antitruster and one of the few to emerge from the Carter Administration with reputation intact (he was head of the Justice Department's Antitrust Division), describes a widespread feeling among industrialists that (a) joint ventures are legally risky, without explicit antitrust exemptions such as those proposed by Mosbacher; and (b) private firms, acting independently of each other and the government, are no match for the determination and deep pockets of MITI-led Japan, Inc. Given these perceptions, at least the first of which he feels is a mistaken one, Shenefield sees little harm, and some possible gain, in formalizing already-permissible areas of cooperation. Such a policy would, he says, make American entrepreneurs more willing to commit their capital to a competitive struggle with Japan.

Still, one can't help wondering about this enthusiasm for so fundamental a change in the organization of the American economy. Governments are not, after all, famously good at picking winners in the high-tech sweepstakes. And they tend to keep doubling their bets when the initial investment

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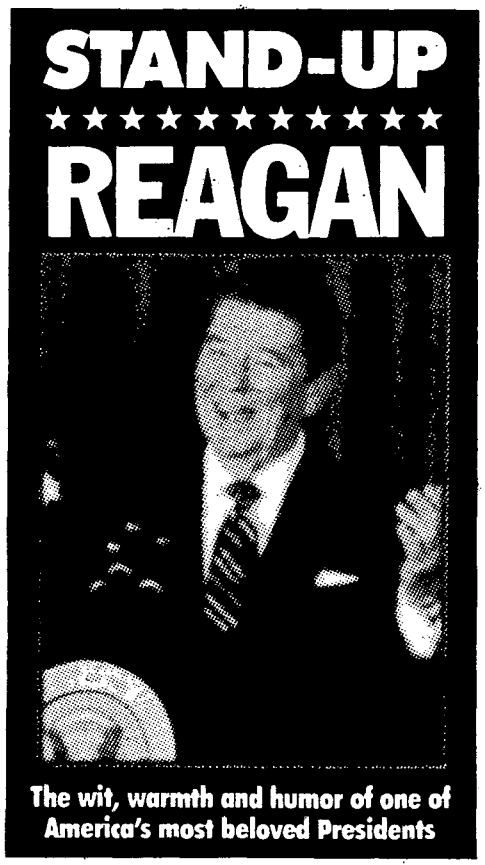

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is used up. A famous song by country singer Kenny Rogers points out that a good gambler must "know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em, know when to walk away, and know when to run." Bureaucrats willing to admit error and walk away are rare indeed. Those willing to throw (someone else's) good money after bad are quite common.

Besides, the medicine being prescribed to cure the disease of America's "lack of competitiveness" may be based on a misdiagnosis of the nature and causes of the ailment. Much of the panic stems from the view that America's prosperity and world position are somehow threatened by its *relative* decline, a vague notion best expressed by Paul Kennedy in his spectacularly successful *The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers.*[1] His thesis—elegantly stated, apparently scholarly—is the meat on which the *New York Review of Books* and the *Times Literary Supplement* feed. It is also wrong.

The facts are these. America remains in the midst of the longest peacetime expansion in its history, one that has brought its unemployment rate down and its capacity utilization rate up to record levels with only minor inflation. And it is a prosperity very widely shared by that portion of the population capable of participating in the market economy. More important, the American economy has, in the past decade, been transformed. Unwieldy conglomerates have been dissolved, with control often passing to a new breed of owner-manager, pressed by interest obligations to maximize efficiency; heavy industries of the nineteenth century, while once again prosperous, have been superseded in relative importance by industries of the twenty-first century: services, computers, genetic engineering. And America has also managed, during this period, to restore its military base after years of neglect.

This hardly sounds like the performance of a nation whose supremacy is coming to an end. That it has done so well in the face of what Kennedy terms its relative decline shows the fatal flaw in his thesis: it is not *relative* decline that matters. While America does indeed command a smaller share of the world's GNP than it did in 1950—when most other countries were only beginning to recover from World War II—its economy is larger and more prosperous than ever. (Indeed, even in relative terms the U.S. economy has not slipped; if one takes either the prewar period or the 1970s as a base, America's share of world product has remained constant.) And it is this *absolute* growth that permits it to sustain its military burdens as leader of the free world.

In fact, if one peers beneath the surface of the concern about the trade deficit, it comes down to one thesis: Japan is on the verge of overwhelming the United States in the race for economic supremacy, and will end up owning large pieces of the American economy. Like other fears, this one does not withstand close examination. America grew at about the same rate as did Japan in the 1980s; its budget deficit was a far lower portion of its GNP (although its savings rate was disturbingly lower); and it retains supremacy in the computer and science-based industries of the next century. True, Japan's investment in America is increasing. But it can never overwhelm American ownership, and this is in any event a good not a bad thing for America, creating jobs and introducing new manufacturing techniques.

Nor is it clear that the cure for what ails America is the consolidation of small-firm efforts into consortiums. As the *Economist* recently pointed out, "In America . . . small has indeed become more beautiful. . . ." Average GNP per firm has fallen from $245,000 in 1980 to

[1]Reviewed by Paul Johnson in *TAS*, July 1988.

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$210,000 in 1987; firms with fewer than 500 employees have increased their share of total employment and of innovations; the portion of the work force that is self-employed has risen. "Beware," warns the *Economist*, "of arguments for the rationalization of industries."

Finally, many observers worry that the infatuation with Japanese-like research consortiums is a serious diversion from the main business at hand: taking the hard steps necessary to improve the competitive environment in which American firms must operate. Reduction of the budget deficit would drive down interest rates, lowering industry's cost of capital; consumption taxes and savings incentives would increase the savings rate; restructuring of Social Security would encourage productive, experienced workers to remain in the work force, rather than retire; insistence on discipline in schools and on high educational and English language skills would raise the productivity of new immigrants. But these programs arouse noisy opposition, before which politicians quail.

Exactly how this tale will unfold is difficult to predict. Most likely, more government-financed consortiums will emerge, injecting government into the high-tech business. This will bring to power a new set of decision-makers: the bureaucrats and politicians who have demonstrated their management skills by running the business they are supposed to know something about—government—at a $170 billion annual loss. □

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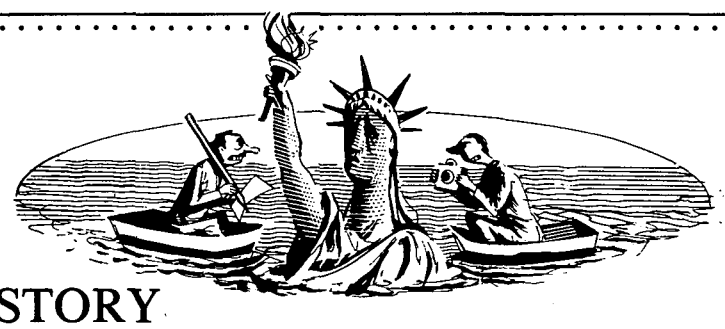

MISSING THE TOWER STORY

by Terry Eastland

The media told the Tower story from many angles but failed to report a key aspect involving the FBI. This was a story of constitutional significance, and while some reporters stabbed at it, no one really got it.

First, some context. The President can nominate Mr. X and send him up to the Senate for confirmation without doing any kind of inquiry into the nominee's fitness, past, and so on. There is no legal requirement here, but over the years, as a protective measure, Presidents adopted the practice of routinely asking the bureau, the government's premier investigative agency, to do a "background investigation" on nominees.

The FBI thus worked exclusively for the administration—at least until recently. During the Reagan years the bureau sometimes acquired another boss: the Senate. Some committees requested that the administration direct the bureau to ask more questions (typically more specific queries) regarding certain nominees. The White House felt it would be politically difficult to refuse, so the new questions were forwarded to the FBI, whose agents in turn asked them as part of the background investigation. On at least one nomination, William Rehnquist's, the Senate bypassed the White House and told the Justice Department, the FBI's parent agency, what it wanted asked.

The constitutionally significant fact about the Tower background investigation was that once again the bureau served two masters even though, on paper, it is subordinate to the President and works only for him. The Armed Services Committee, under Sen. Sam Nunn, had specific questions it wanted the bureau to ask. The White House was deeply—perhaps too deeply—committed to the Tower nomination and couldn't say no. So the FBI received the Senate's questions and asked them. And as with the Rehnquist nomination, the committee on several occasions directly transmitted its questions to the Justice Department, as if it were part of the legislative branch.

This aspect of the Tower story deserved reporting, not only for its own sake but also for its implications. Unless the Bush White House decides it's time to return the FBI to its constitutional place, *within* the executive branch, and tells the Senate to do its own investigations, there will be confirmation battles in which Senate committees again force the FBI to work for both branches of government. The alternative is for Bush to decide not to pick Tower-types who invite Nunns to come knocking on the bureau's door. Either way, there's a continuing separation of powers story here, one taking place not in the courts but in the political arena.

There's another element to the FBI story that was underreported: how such an investigation is virtually guaranteed to come up with dirt—or at least "rumors" of dirt—on a nominee.

A "Special Inquiry Investigation"—"Spin," as it is called within the bureau—is designed to yield information on a great variety of subjects. Any personal and business credit matters. Any civil lawsuits. Any job dismissals. Any contacts with representatives of a foreign country (especially a hostile one). Any details of private life that could be used for blackmail. Any business investments that might involve a possible conflict of interest. Any instances of alcohol abuse or illegal drug use. Attitudes toward members of racial and ethnic minorities. And so forth.

Now, because a background inquiry can also include specific follow-up questions that originate on Capitol Hill, it tends to be more searching than ever before. The bureau doesn't enjoy being burned; recall the Ginsburg nomination in 1987, when reporters found out about drug use the bureau never even heard about. Such episodes have made the bureau ask more and more questions. (The *Washington Post*'s Ann Devroy did a good job reporting this trend, plucking a fine quote from a knowledgeable political scientist to the effect that FBI agents, like doctors, are fearful of malpractice suits. "They always want second opinions," he told Devroy.)

The point to understand is that the bureau is out to learn what lots of people feel, think, and know about all those things it now feels compelled to ask. The FBI isn't trying to discover the truth about what's said; interviewees aren't under oath. You can say whatever you want, and you can say it anonymously. I know. Coincidentally, on the day Tower was voted down, I got a call from an agent doing a check on a Bush nominee. After a straightforward interview in which I said all I knew—and it was all positive—I was asked whether there was anything I might wish to add. I asked whether he wanted me to speak on the record or off. He said I could speak either way. So I asked why anyone would want to go off the record. I was told that if interviewees wished to say something derogatory, they usually did so anonymously.

The bureau does a minimum of

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thirty-five interviews per nomination, and human nature being what it is, it's doubtful that even Mother Teresa could emerge from a background investigation without a few anonymous hits. And if you've got a nominee like Tower, around whom rumor swirls like a hurricane, you can imagine what the raw report might look like. And note that the bureau did 500 interviews in its investigation of Tower.

Most of the journalism on the Tower story did point out that senators who had firsthand knowledge of John Tower at variance with the material in the FBI report nonetheless cited the latter as their reason for voting against him. And most of the journalism did observe the "protected" nature of this vote created by the fact that the FBI report could not be cited publicly, since it had the status essentially of a classified document. Yet few journalists pointed out that a background investigation is geared to finding out the worst that can be said about a person, whether it's true or not, and that this makes it just the kind of document that a willful Senate can use just as it did in the Tower instance, to reject a nominee.

One notable exception was the *Wall Street Journal*'s Karen Elliot House, who discussed the bureau's interview with her in an op-ed piece on March 7. House covered Tower for the *Dallas Morning News* seventeen-years ago, and there were rumors then about Tower's associations with, as the phrase goes, "women to whom he was not married." House told how the agents who interviewed her said they had received an anonymous letter saying that if they wanted "derogatory information on John Tower," they should contact House. The agents offered her anonymity "to confirm and expand" on the allegations of misconduct, but having no firsthand knowledge of any misconduct on Tower's part she declined the offer. The agents then pressed House for any rumors she might have heard!

House characterized the interview procedure as "rumors begetting rumors" that offers "anyone with the slightest shred of gossip" a chance "to pass it on through official channels" and thus "widen the web of innuendo" in which a nominee is snared. "Nothing in this process," she observed, "safeguards the subject of the inquiry from distortions and outright lies except the possibility that such lies might be leaked to the press, causing the accuser's word to be put on record. The irony, of course, is that it would be only the unethical leaking of lies that could expose lies. If the system works in its intended furtive fashion, the word of the liar is protected and the character of the subject may be destroyed."

Another question for Bush: Does he want to continue fashioning the rope with which the Senate can hang his nominees? Granted, it's hard to know how the bureau might otherwise find out about a nominee other than by asking questions and encouraging full responses, even anonymous ones. But is there not something wrong with a process that protects liars and senators who rely on liars?

Finally, what would have happened had the bureau's background investigation been leaked? That's easy: it would have been published all over the place. As it was, plenty of stories went around based on leaks about what was in the report, and we would simply have been told it's no big deal just to let it all hang out. Thus Tower's accusers, anonymous and otherwise, could have spoken "officially" from the FBI report itself. It would have been wrong to publish the report—journalism must observe at least a principle of process here—but the atmosphere in Washington is such these days that ethical means are routinely sacrificed for the sake of ostensibly ethical ends. →

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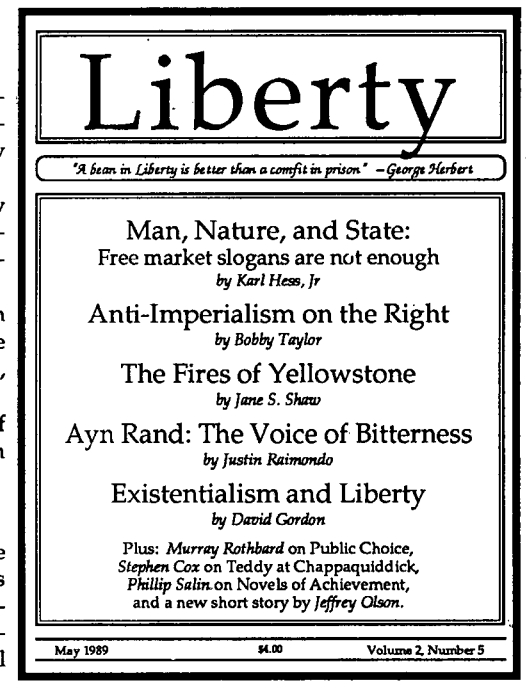
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In the end, of course, Tower ran into problems not only because of his personal life. There was also the matter of his consulting with defense contractors on arms control matters right after he had served as an arms control negotiator. Sam Nunn, writing in the *Washington Post*, admitted there was "no evidence that Sen. Tower provided his clients with classified information." But so much for that: "This situation," said Nunn, "created the *appearance* of using public office for private gain." Those are Nunn's italics, designed to shore up a weak case that could produce "no evidence" of any wrongdoing.

Like Nunn and many of his colleagues, Washington journalism has been intoxicated (if I may use the word) with appearances and perceptions and the like. But these terms take us into a messy, subjective area. Who's to say what appears which way? Whose perception counts? Are all perceptions created equal?

Columnist Richard Cohen wrote a March 5 piece in the *Post*'s Outlook section in which he did a mischievous thing—he applied the appearance standard to journalism! Noting that the press would have trouble living up to this "most elastic of standards," Cohen then asked his profession to consider "whether the standards it has set for others are unreasonable."

A good question. Unless journalism—and Sam Nunn and his colleagues—starts insisting on a more objective standard than mere "appearance" provides, few people in any line of work will be in a position to avoid being charged with unethical behavior. □

AMONG THE INTELLECTUALOIDS

A TIME TO STAND

by Joe Queenan

There is a time to run and a time to stand, a time to flee and a time to fight, a time to bleat and a time to roar. There is a time to hedge one's bets, a time to play it safe, a time to hide one's bushel beneath one's bushel basket. But there is also a time to reap and a time to sow, and yes, a time in the affairs of men which leads on to fortune. Or was that a tide? Whatever the case, the time has come when I can no longer remain silent on the subject of Salman Rushdie. The time has come for me to lay bare my soul and speak my piece, knowing full well the immense personal danger I risk in doing so. Here, now, I will say what I have to say—and if this be folly, then let the devil take the hindermost!

I admit that I have been slow to respond to the crisis. I am, in fact, the 234,567th American writer to express his views on *l'Affaire Rushdie*, meaning that only a couple of copy editors from *Field and Stream* and the guy who writes "The Phantom Passenger" for the *Philadelphia Daily News* remain to be heard from. I do not take pride in this dilatory moral pace. But there have been extenuating circumstances, and in the following paragraphs, I would like to discuss them.

1. *I was out of town.* When the news of the Ayatollah's death threat against Salman Rushdie broke, I was visiting the Jack Nicklaus Academy of Golf in Orlando, Florida, trying to straighten out my swing. I had already committed myself to four days of complete and utter relaxation, so not once during my visit did I read a newspaper. True, I did see a few reports about the riots in Pakistan and Iran on the local TV broadcasts, but Florida State had just lost a heartbreaker to Louisville a couple of nights before, and I was sure that the local media were hyping the Rushdie death threat to take Floridians' minds off another disappointing Seminoles' season. Not until I returned to my home in New York and saw the horrible news covered in big-time, professional, Gannett newspapers, did I realize how badly I had misjudged the situation.

2. *I thought we were supposed to speak out in declining order of fame.* It was my wholehearted conviction that the game plan was: First, novelists would have their say; then newspaper columnists; then the editors of major newsweeklies; then contributing editors to prominent intellectual digests; then poets; then all editors emerituses; and only then financial writers like me. Were it not for the sake of protocol, I would have spoken up a whole lot sooner. Honest.

3. *I thought we were going in alphabetical order.* By the time I realized what was going on, E. L. Doctorow had spoken his mind, Nat Hentoff had spoken his mind, Christopher Hitchens had spoken his mind, and Norman Mailer had spoken his mind. I figured I should wait until Joyce Carol Oates and Marty Peretz and John Podhoretz had expressed their views before expressing my own.

4. *I couldn't get the book.* Rajiv Gandhi banned the book without ever having read it. Ayatollah Khomeini put out a contract on Rushdie without ever having read it. George Bush said the book was deeply offensive without ever having read it. I'd be damned if I was going to join this rush to judgment without having at least read the book that had caused all this fuss. But Waldenbooks had taken it off its shelves, so I couldn't get a copy.

5. *Even when I finally did get the book, I had other commitments.*

One day I got a call from an editor at *The American Spectator*.

"You usually have a lot to say for yourself, so how about writing something about Rushdie for us?"

"Fine," I said, "but I don't have the book."

"We'll send you a copy."

"Fine," I said, "but the mail service in this town is really bad, so if it gets lost, don't blame me."

"We'll Federal-Express it."

"Fine," I said, "but if the delivery man leaves it on the porch when I'm not here, don't blame me if some teenage punk steals it and I never get back to you."

"We'll understand," he said.

"Fine," I said, "but I should point out that I'm changing jobs and I have lots of deadlines to meet, and my sister just had an operation. Also, you guys pay peanuts. So it could take me a while to write the story."

"Fine," he said.

He sent the book, but the kids hid it, and I only just found it under the bed.

6. *My wife threw a fit.*

"You're really incredible, you know that, Joe?" she exploded when she found out that I was prepared to go public with my thoughts on Salman Rushdie. "Last year you wrote a story about the Mafia. Then you wrote a story about the guy who tried to kill Ivan Boesky. And then you wrote a story about international arms dealers."

"You mustn't forget that controversial story I wrote about outrageous 12b-1 fees on no-load mutual funds," I reminded her.

"Right. Well, I've had it up to here, buster. If you get assassinated, that means I'll have to watch Pee-Wee every Saturday morning with the kids. I'm getting sick of this stuff, Joe."

For the sake of domestic tranquility, I finally agreed to refrain from offering aid and comfort to the embattled author. I stood by in silence throughout Salman Rushdie's lonely ordeal as thousands and thousands of other more courageous, more principled, better-dressed writers flocked to his cause. Susan Sontag. Norman Mailer. Tom and Dicky Smothers.

But now the time has come when my silence must end. The time for temporizing, for weighing one's options, for playing it safe, is past. The time has come to speak boldly and forthrightly, to join with my brothers and sisters in arms and say what I have to say about Salman Rushdie, his book, and the abyss he will gaze into every day for the rest of his life.

And what I have to say is this: There has to be a better way. Things simply can't go on like this. We must love one another or die. *Oi vey.* Let he who is without sin cast the first stone. It takes one to know one. El condor pasa. If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem. Eli, eli, lamasabatanna.

Next month, I will share my thoughts on Joe Stalin. □

Joe Queenan is a senior editor at Forbes.

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TALES FROM THE CITY

by Bruce Bawer

New York Stories sounded like a good idea. Imagine—a trilogy of short films directed by Martin Scorsese, Francis Coppola, and Woody Allen, set in a city which all three directors have captured memorably on celluloid but which scores of their inferiors have, in recent years, reduced to a collection of visual clichés and caricatures. What a wonderful opportunity, one thought, to rescue this subject matter from the Hollywood hacks and to offer three striking visions of *real* metropolitan life. And what richer trove of material could there be? As they used to say on "Naked City," there are eight million stories here, and a considerable percentage are downright fascinating.

Why, then, is *New York Stories* so bad? Mainly because its directors have chosen not to look beyond the aforementioned clichés. In "Life Lessons," Scorsese—whose taut, ironic *After Hours* represented for many of us the last word on SoHo and its art scene—goes over to the enemy, as it were, with a flaccid, flabbergastingly earnest rendering of the ultimate SoHo cliché. Written by the ever-vulgar Richard Price, "Life Lessons" depicts the frantic attempts of Lionel Dobie (Nick Nolte), a successful middle-aged abstract expressionist, to keep his beloved young protégée, Jean Paulette (Rosanna Arquette), from returning to her white-bread family somewhere beyond the Hudson. There's not a fresh touch in either character: Dobie is your standard possessive, misogynistic, tempestuous, egocentric painter-in-a-movie, and Jean Paulette is a one-dimensional version of, say, Zelda Fitzgerald or *Reds*' Louise Bryant, the jealous, neurotic female appendage who takes her lack of artistic talent out on the gifted man who loves her.

Jean Paulette's character is completely summed up in such lines as "Just tell me if you think I have any talent or if you think I'm just wasting my time!" And: "Am I good? Will I ever be good?" It's hard to say which is more annoying: Arquette's endless nagging to this effect (she really doesn't have anything else to say or do in the film) or Nolte's interminable slopping of paint onto a wall-sized canvas while his boom-box blares out hyperloud, and *very* abrasive, rock music. It must be said, though, that while Arquette—a whiny, irritating actress of extremely limited range—does absolutely nothing for the picture (no, Rosanna, you never *will* be any good), Nolte at least invests Dobie with a degree of energy, humor, and pathos. As for Scorsese, Congress should pass a law making it a federal crime for him ever again to take a movie camera into a loft.

From Scorsese's SoHo, we move to Coppola's Upper East Side—though his segment, "Life Without Zoe," might just as easily be set in Rome or Paris or Mexico City. It is an indication of his lack of seriousness about this assignment that Mr. C wrote the script with his teenaged daughter Sofia. It's loosely based on *Eloise* (and loose it most assuredly is), the main difference being that the twelve-ish, poor-little-rich-girl heroine of this piece (Heather McComb) lives not at the Plaza Hotel but at the Sherry-Netherland across the street. The daughter of a famous flautist (Giancarlo Giannini) and a celebrated photographer (Talia Shire), both of whom are usually out of town, Zoe is your typical precocious movie kid, whose daily digestion of *Women's Wear Daily* and inability to catch the school bus on time (she always ends up taking a cab) we're supposed to find charming.

Needless to say, we don't. This segment is worse than Scorsese's—not only thin but drastically uneven, clumsily told, and overflowing with a thoroughly fake cuteness. It requires a special kind of talent to make a satisfactory movie of this sort—a talent for taking your story and characters seriously while maintaining a light touch. (George Roy Hill, for one, carried it off nicely in *The World of Henry Orient*.) The man who directed *The Godfather, The Conversation*, and *Apocalypse Now*, however, has yet to demonstrate that he knows the meaning of the phrase "light touch"; he plainly looked upon this project not as a challenge to expand his directorial range but as a chance to "have fun," to be glib and self-indulgent, while varying little from his usual heavy style (and, one might add, allowing cameraman Vittorio Storaro to employ a rich, golden-yellow palette more appropriate to a film version of Puccini). In this age of synthetic New York films, "Life Without Zoe" is as phony as they come.

After these two strikeouts, Woody Allen's bunt single looks almost like a home run. "Oedipus Wrecks"—the director's first comedy in years—is a genuinely funny *jeu d'esprit* about Sheldon Mills (Woody Allen), a partner in a big midtown law firm whose tiny, tirelessly kvetching Jewish mother (Mae Questel) is the bane of his existence. Rather than give away the plot, I'll simply say that Allen's is

Bruce Bawer is The American Spectator*'s movie reviewer.*

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the only one of the film's three segments that veers into out-and-out fantasy—and yet, at the same time, it's the only one that's in touch with the rhythms of real New York life, the only one that reflects a sincere affection for the city, the only one whose protagonist we can believe in and sympathize with. To be sure, Allen, like his collaborators, has made use of a New York cliché—in this case, the overly possessive Jewish mamma—but unlike them he recognizes it as a cliché and makes fun of it.

Of Allen's previous films, "Oedipus Wrecks" most resembles *Zelig* and *A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy*—though in fact it's tidier, less unbridled than the typical Allen comedy. (Actually, its strongest affinity is with a couple of hilarious post-Kafka short stories which appear in his books *Without Feathers* and *Side Effects*.) Compared with the busy, self-conscious camera movements of the previous segments—Scorsese's nervous and jerky, Coppola's fluid and operatic—Allen's static camera communicates a satisfying sense of confidence in his story and characters, a heartening reluctance to rely too much on cinematographic athletics to captivate his audience. This is not to suggest that the director of *Annie Hall* and *Hannah and Her Sisters* is in top form here; "Oedipus Wrecks" is minor Allen (though it represents a definite recovery from his recent failures *September* and *Another Woman*). If his segment of *New York Stories* proves anything, indeed, it's that even his less ambitious, more offhand work can be quite entertaining—which is, alas, more than one can say for Scorsese or Coppola.

• • •

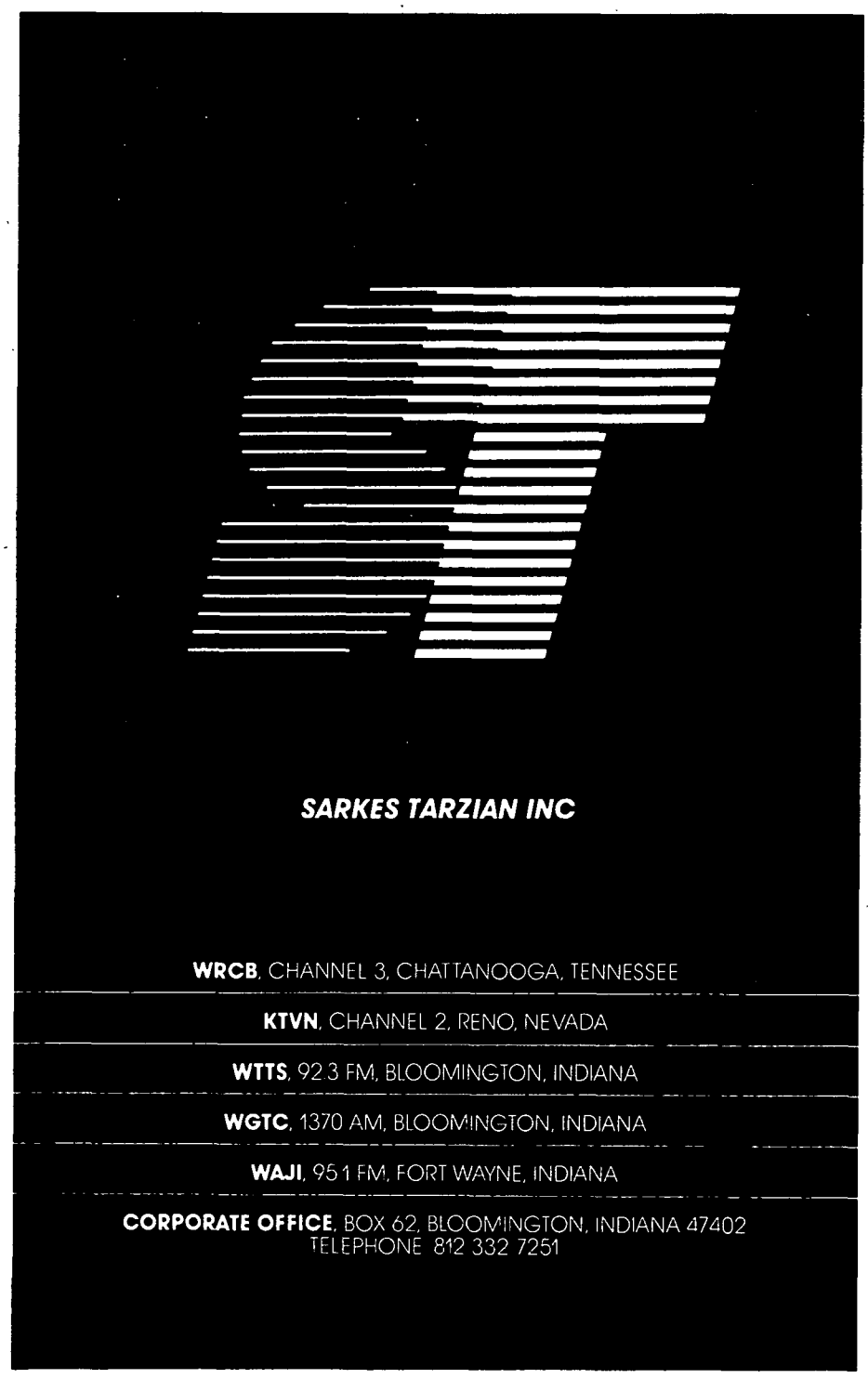
Les Liaisons Dangereuses, the 1782 novel by the French writer Choderos de Laclos, tells the story of a pair of corrupt sophisticates, the Marquise de Merteuil and the Vicomte de Valmont, who together engineer the latter's seduction of two beautiful and virtuous young women. When I wrote a couple of years ago (*TAS*, July 1987) about the Broadway production of Christopher Hampton's theatrical adaptation of the novel, I complained about the sitcom-style villainy of the two principals; about the proliferation in their dialogue of mediocre Oscar Wilde-ish epigrams and childishly smutty double-entendres; and about the heavy-handed symbolism of the set, which in one way and another sought to remind us that the days of the pre-Revolutionary French society depicted in the play were numbered.

Directed by Stephen Frears from a screenplay by Hampton and entitled *Dangerous Liaisons*, the movie version of Hampton's play represents something of an improvement on these counts. First, the symbol-ridden set is gone, replaced by palatial location settings that are rendered in thoroughly realistic fashion. Second, some of the puerile smut remains, but it is clearer now that its purpose is not to amuse us but to impress upon us the immaturity of the protagonists. Third, most of the epigrams also remain, but while they seemed the very backbone (to be sure, a very flimsy backbone) of the nerve-rackingly talky play, they feel almost peripheral to the action of this magisterially paced movie. Fourth, since most of the roles are here acted in a less stagy and stylized manner than in the play, and since the camera brings us close enough to see the characters thinking and experiencing and expressing emotion, there is less of a sitcomish feel to the proceedings than there was at the Music Box Theater. Indeed, in tone and rhythm and spirit the movie seems much nearer to Choderos de Laclos's stately, probing, and sardonic 200-year-old novel—with its fundamentally serious interest in the nature of love and evil—than to Hampton's own cheap and frivolous play.

But the movie has its own grave problems, one of them being that the two principal actors—Glenn Close and John Malkovich—are among the most decidedly contemporary, and decidedly *American*, in the business. Neither brings us anywhere near the heart of his character's particular darkness. Glenn Close, a wonderful actress, fakes her way through her part creditably enough. But Malkovich is awful: his delivery, his body language, everything down to the way he drops his two front teeth over his lower lip when he closes his mouth, says *Off-Off-Broadway*. His Vicomte simply oozes sleaze. And he's *supposed* to be sleazy. But he's also supposed to be able to fool lovely, intelligent, and refined young ladies into thinking he *isn't* sleazy, and, beyond that, able to make them fall madly in love with him. Patently, the part calls for someone with great surface charm and attractiveness (it's the kind of role George Sanders used to play), but Malkovich is about as far as you can get, in the Screen Actors Guild directory, from charm and attractiveness, surface or otherwise.

How did such an actor end up in such a role? The answer, I suspect, can be given in two words: Stephen Frears. If Malkovich is the last actor you'd cast as Valmont, Frears—whose work is almost relentlessly preoccupied with the new, the Now—would seem to be the last director you'd hire to shoot a movie like this. To be sure, the themes of *Dangerous Liaisons* are not foreign to him: his films *My Beautiful Laundrette* and *Prick Up Your Ears* offer compelling treatments of decidedly dangerous liaisons in post-World War II London, and reflect a lively concern with the nature of love and evil, resentment and revenge. But Frears's most recent film, the infelicitously titled *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid* (in which we got to see a pudgy Shashi Kapoor coupling sweatily with the unfailingly radiant Claire Bloom), underlines the most lamentable aspects of his work: the obsession with sex and sleaze, the injudicious embrace of anarchy, the flippancy. These weaknesses are not entirely absent from *Dangerous Liaisons*. Though the film ultimately affirms the value of love and the destructiveness of vanity, there are times along the way when it appears to celebrate the Marquise's betrayals and the Vicomte's depredations, and to laugh at Christianity, at the ideal of chastity, and (for that matter) at the eighteenth century.

For the most part, however, Frears's film stands head and shoulders above the Broadway production of Hampton's play. At a time when movie dialogue tends to consist largely of grunts and expletives, and music tracks of raucous noise, this film is at least a pleasure to listen to; and Philippe Rousselot's elegant cinematography makes it eminently watchable. Most of the supporting actors, moreover, are far more convincing than the principals. Michelle Pfeiffer and Uma Thurman, in the roles of the victimized Madame de Tourvel and Cécile Volanges, are not only sublimely beautiful but utterly believable as virtuous eighteenth-century noblewomen; Swoosie Kurtz and Mildred Natwick perform admirably as Cécile's harried *mère* and dotty *grandmère*; and Keanu Reeves, who plays a pure-hearted young gentleman in love with Cécile, has just the right awkward grace and air of innocence. While *Dangerous Liaisons* may not quite equal the sum of its best parts, then, there are some very fine parts here indeed. □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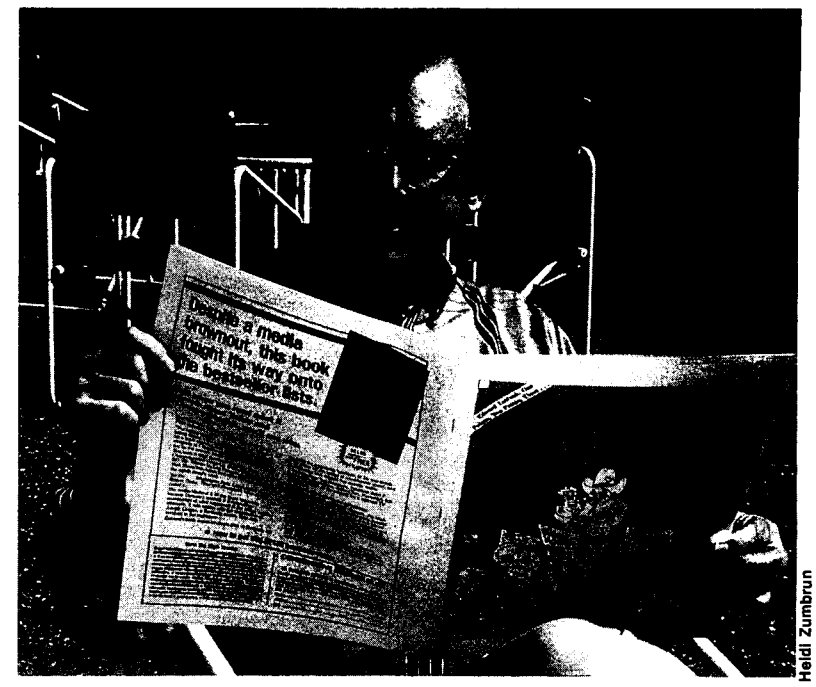

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BOOK REVIEWS

TOLSTOY

A. N. Wilson/W. W. Norton/572 pp. $25.00

Fernanda Eberstadt

Nowhere are the paradoxes and mysteries of literary creation more forcefully acted out than in the life and work of Count Lev Tolstoy, in whom an all-comprehending genius was yoked with a boorish dogmatism so fanatical that the author of *Anna Karenina* eventually killed himself off in favor of an author of hectoring tracts denouncing art and espousing vegetarianism. In *Tolstoy*, the prolific English writer A. N. Wilson—a novelist and the author of previous biographies of Milton, Sir Walter Scott, and Hilaire Belloc—proves singularly acute in conveying and addressing these paradoxes, and in delineating with wit and proportion the rise of Mr. Hyde and the eventual fall of Dr. Jekyll in Tolstoy's life.

Born in 1828, three years after the Decembrist uprising in which a cousin of his played a leading part, Tolstoy died in 1910, seven years before the Bolshevik Revolution. His long life was thus bordered by the two pivotal events in modern Russian history; the one abortively seeking to Europeanize, the other enslaving. To the first of these Tolstoy looked back longingly as a lost, noble attempt to absolve Russia of the sin of autocracy; the second he helped make possible with such doctrines as "property is theft" and with his opposition to all those reforms that sought to liberalize the state.

As Wilson makes clear, Tolstoy is unique among Russian writers (or any other kind) in having been born not merely an aristocrat but a scion of an ancient court family whose members were imperial Russia's ministers. Luckily for us, his mother, father, grandmother, and guardian aunt all died by the time Tolstoy was sixteen, stranding him out of court and depriving him of those connections necessary for a career as minister, diplomat, or general. The five Tolstoy orphans, raised in rustic and later provincial isolation, grew up wild, riotous in imagination (they formed as children a secret society called the Ant Brotherhood) and uncouth in manner: Turgenev (who was Tolstoy's sister's lover) later nicknamed the young count "the troglodyte."

The young Tolstoy studied oriental languages at the University of Kazan (later Lenin's alma mater) but dropped out; took up law but quit; lived alone with a maiden aunt on his country estate; gambled away that estate; fornicated prodigiously (a lifelong passion) and caught gonorrhea; joined the army.

What seems like youthful aimlessness—summed up laconically by Wilson in the phrase "tarts, remorse, and reading"—was actually a strenuous and comically self-conscious building of body and character. At the age of eighteen Tolstoy began his million-page career with a diary he started while in the venereal ward at the University of Kazan (an amenity that tells much about student life in nineteenth-century Russia). These early diaries reveal a massive and inexorable determination to master the world and to exert the power of the will over even the most natural or involuntary human functions. Tolstoy's compulsively proliferating lists of regulations contain such subdivisions as "Rules for developing the faculty of drawing conclusions" and "Rules for developing lofty feelings and eliminating base ones," along with resolutions against sleep ("a state in which a man's will is completely non-existent") and for the learning of law, medicine, natural science, mathematics, music, painting, agriculture, history, and six languages. He learned them all. A sample from this diary of a young madman, under the heading "Rules for Society":

> Always try to control a conversation, speak loudly, calmly, and distinctly, try to begin and end a conversation yourself, seek the company of people higher in the world than yourself. . . . At a ball ask the most important ladies to dance. . . . Be as cold as possible and don't betray any impressions. . . . Don't call a person by different names, but always address him in the same manner. Don't tolerate the slightest unpleasantness or sarcasm from anyone without paying it back twofold. . . . Don't be ashamed to tell people who are interrupting you that they are interrupting you. . . .

It is hard, Wilson observes, to imagine that these guidelines "necessarily made him the most charming of companions."

In one telling incident, Turgenev, baited past endurance by the young Tolstoy, begged the count to desist before he choked with frustration. "I have bronchitis," Turgenev pleaded, to which Tolstoy witheringly retorted, "Bronchitis! Bronchitis is a *metal*!" Wilson is shrewd about this cranky and increasingly tyrannical side of Tolstoy, what he dubs the "bronchitis-is-a-metal" side, a badgering insistence on imposing sometimes nonsensical opinions on others at any cost.

As for the other side of him, a tender curiosity about the world that was his supreme literary blessing, this began to be seen in the stories Tolstoy wrote while in the army. *Sebastopol Sketches* (observations of the Crimean War) and *The Raid* were published in the 1850s to instant acclaim. In them Tolstoy already displays his genius for conveying with golden and uplifting sympathy a cadet at the end of battle chewing bread while weeping for a fallen comrade, the looting of a village, the movement of troops, the singing of grasshoppers, the trivial and delirious succession of thoughts that assail a dying cavalry officer—in short, life in all its joyous, mundane, and contradictory manifestations. Yet joined to the transparent naturalness of observation and sublimely unforced simplicity in these early stories are frequent ascents into stentorian moralizing about human vanity or the injustice of war, whole theories forged to explain, master, and control all that life.

These two impulses, the creative and the moral, strange yet integral parts of Tolstoy's genius, over time were to prove incompatible. In the end, the compulsion to assert that "bronchitis is a metal" would drown out both his desire to understand all "diseases" and his miraculous capacity to penetrate to the very heart of being, to know and to express what it feels like to *be*, as it were, bronchitis. Until that moment, the conflict between the luminously sympathetic maker and the polemicist sounds throughout Tolstoy's fiction like a duet between an angel and a monomaniac.

Throughout the 1850s and '60s Tolstoy published numerous stories of peasant and army life; indulged a brief passion for court society; made—and infuriated—important literary friends like Turgenev, Fet, and Tyutchev; went to England, France, and Belgium where he met Herzen and Proudhon, heard

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Fernanda Eberstadt is the author of Low Tide, *a novel (Knopf).*

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his hero Dickens lecture, visited schools and executions and prize fights; courted in Moscow the three lively, passionate, and rather bohemian Bers sisters and married the 18-year-old Sofya, who was to bear him thirteen children in quick succession; withdrew to his family estate, Yasnaya Polyana, which he managed himself, supervising and working the fields, forests, dairy yard, vegetable gardens, beehives, and hogs, and teaching his own school. In 1863, at the age of thirty-five, Tolstoy began writing *War and Peace*.

"Novelists," A. N. Wilson writes, "are frequently men and women who have been compelled, by some inner disaster, to rewrite the past. . . ." For Tolstoy, who grew up under the reactionary Nicholas I, deprived in earliest childhood at once of mother and father and of their connections to the liberal aristocratic world that had spawned Pushkin and the Decembrists, and feeling himself, like many young writers, to have been "born too late," the fictional act of reclamation was at once personal and national in scale. From *Childhood, Boyhood, Youth*, a memoir begun at the age of twenty-three whose recollections Wilson claims Tolstoy cribbed from *David Copperfield*, through *War and Peace*, with its placement of mother, father, aunt, grandfather, and Bers in-laws at the time of Napoleon's invasion of Russia, as well as in two later abandoned novels about Peter the Great and the Decembrists, the questions that dominate Tolstoy's work are: How did I and Russia come to be where we are today? What is our destiny? What—or who—shapes our history?

It is a token of the brevity and intensity of Russia's literary flowering that *War and Peace* should have been published in alternating issues of the same magazine as Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*. To Dostoevsky, Tolstoy was a wonderful writer but would come to nothing; Tolstoy professed himself indifferent to Dostoevsky. To everyone since, it has seemed impossible that these two men should simultaneously inhabit the same earth, let alone the same magazine.

Wilson makes much of this strange convergence. Both novels, whose chapters were being printed serially in mid-composition, hinge on Napoleon. According to Wilson, Tolstoy in *War and Peace* was reacting against Dostoevsky's treatment in *Crime and Punishment* of the proposition that the "man of destiny" is permitted to live above the law. (Never mind that Dostoevsky violently rejects this thesis.) In his own stridently anti-Napoleonic novel, Tolstoy insists to the contrary that far from shaping history, great men—bandits, in his opinion—are helpless pawns of unknowable and predestined forces.

As *War and Peace* progresses, this theory is reasserted and developed every hundred pages or so. The battle of Borodino and the burning of Moscow, Napoleon's invasion and his subsequent defeat by Kutuzov, are not, we are to understand, events planned and executed by men so much as they are the headlong and ineluctable products of the larger movement of necessity, to which the will of emperors and generals is no more instrumental than is the condition of the digestive tract of the puniest foot soldier. So saying—and saying—and saying—Tolstoy also derides with increasingly sarcastic pedantry the diverse schools of historians besotted enough to think that character or ideas play a leading role in history. Although these theoretical portions of *War and Peace* are provocative, Tolstoy in service to them suspends or subverts his God-given capacity to understand human nature from within just when it is most needed—in portraying the character of Napoleon himself.

Such flaws do nothing, however, to mar the power of a work so superabundantly vital, so alight with ennobling truths, and so broad in its concerns that Wilson tells of soldiers reading *War and Peace* on the battlefields of World War II and finding that "the descriptions of Schön Graben and Borodino were more 'real' for them than the actual explosions and maimings and death going on around them," while civilian readers know the pettier experience of rushing irritably through their own dinner parties so as to gallop home to Tolstoy's truer and more moving ones.

In *Anna Karenina*, begun in 1873, it is not the nation's collective past that is being recast but Tolstoy's own immediate experiences as a landowner tending to his mowing, hunting snipe, trying to farm humanely and productively, quarreling with his wife, entertaining his in-laws, wondering what to live for. Intriguingly linked to this expansive drama of Levin, an appealing if rather bumbling hero struggling to be happy and good, is the story of a married woman's fatal liaison with an officer.

The conflict in *Anna Karenina* is not between war and peace, but between living in nature and living artificially. Anna Karenina, the too-vital enchantress who flouts a society that permits flings but outlaws passion in order to live in sin with her lover, finds herself instead in a situation so artificial it drives her to suicide. Tolstoy is breathtaking at conveying—through the half-envious, half-pitying eyes of Anna's kind and naive sister-in-law Dolly—the nightmarishness of the gilded cage in which Anna is trapped.

Wilson finds *Anna Karenina* a digressive mass, awash in Tolstoy's own extended ramblings on rural economy, representative government, and universal education. He singles out a discussion on birth control between Dolly and Anna to prove the book "a great, open thing in which almost any modern preoccupation might find relevance." Yet this scene, in which Anna tells her astonished sister-in-law, saddled with too many children and a faithless and spendthrift husband, how it is possible to have no more babies, revealingly symbolizes the nature of Anna's impasse. The narcissistic Anna believes she can retain the love of Vronsky and remain his "friend and companion" only by not getting pregnant, that is, fat or "ill." But for Tolstoy, to whom woman's sole purpose lies in childbearing and to whom the love affair remains an unassimilably foreign and uncomfortable concept, the notion of living as perpetually childless lovers is an artifice inimical to life, so unnatural an evasion of fruitful, redeeming, ordinary responsibility that it must strain beyond endurance the love it is designed to preserve and, hence, for Anna, lead only to madness and death.

It is a tribute to Tolstoy's irrepressible veracity as a novelist that he depicts with such pride and tender pity the progress of a heroine whose conduct he as a moralist regards as anathema. (By the time of *Anna Karenina*, Tolstoy had come to consider sex even between husband and wife an abomination.) But when his literary genius speaks, Tolstoy cannot tell a lie, and in *Anna Karenina*, he is still willing and able to feel a love for his creatures that soars above judgment and morality.

After that novel, however, such restraint became intolerable to Tolstoy, and he could no longer bear to let his characters live free. It is revealing that after Dostoevsky's death in 1881, Tol-

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stoy let loose his own more "Dostoevskian" impulses, producing such black and savage works as "The Kreutzer Sonata," a madman's vindication of wife-murder, and *Resurrection*, in which a nobleman who ends up on a jury at the murder trial of a girl he once seduced follows her to Siberia to atone for his sin. Tolstoy in these later years became increasingly blocked as a fiction writer, abandoning several large late novels; with *Resurrection* he is said to have gone through fifty draft descriptions of his heroine's eyes.

With the completion of *Anna Karenina*, and the darkening of the clouds over Tolstoy's starry skies, he converted to "Tolstoyanism," seeking both to enact by himself and to impose on others his crabbed and ornery interpretation of Christ's teachings. Wilson contrasts this awakening quite scathingly to those of other, more genuine, religious thinkers, deeming Tolstoy's more an act of a perverse and tyrannical will than of faith. "Having decided implicitly that he was in fact the greatest literary genius in the world," Wilson writes, "it was not like him to rest on his laurels. Having got some laurels, he proceeded to tear them leaf from leaf."

Tolstoy's new regimen might be described as teetotalitarian. For the last thirty years of his life the count made his own shoes and walked in them—or almost walked in them; as Wilson records, Tolstoy tromped off on a pilgrimage in his homemade boots, only to take the train home on account of blisters. He lived off rice cutlets served by lackeys in white gloves, and opened soup kitchens for famine victims. He churned out polemics against governments, armies, meat, tobacco, alcohol, ownership of property, the Orthodox church (which excommunicated him), sex, and Shakespeare. He enlisted his ghastly school of disciples, headed by the sinister Chertkov, in a war of nerves against his "unspiritual" wife and children; with Chertkov's collusion he secretly cut them out of his will, and finally, trailed by news cameras, ran away from home to die at a railway station. Upon the death of this national hero and ill-tolerated gadfly of the czarist regime, riots broke out.

In seeking to understand the nature of Tolstoy's greatness as an artist one inevitably ends up contrasting him with Dostoevsky. At the risk of absurdity or blasphemy, the contrast might almost be likened to the differences—that is, the literary differences—between the Hebrew Bible and the Christian Gospels.

Tolstoy's great novels and stories, like the Pentateuch or the Books of Samuel, are family chronicles and national histories whose protagonists are of mixed character, and stubbornly unheroic. Just as in the Hebrew Bible we see things from everyone's point of view, from the God who unleashes floods and fires and worries about His children down to Balaam's reproachful ass, so too does Tolstoy give the impression of omniscient apprehension. And as in the Bible, this true universality, this unerring grasp for the flood of conflicting emotions and motives that assail the most diverse creatures whether going to war or going to bed, this intimate and inward feel for the way armies, governments, lynchmobs, and households move—all this combines in Tolstoy with an achieved longing for the soaring epiphany, the breakthrough of revelation.

Tolstoy is attuned equally to the stupid, the mediocre, the canny, the glorious, so that the moment in *Anna Karenina* when Levin is mortified to catch himself repeating the same joke to the disdainful Countess Nordston; or when the rake Vronsky is seen methodically toting up his week's expenses according to the code of honor that dictates that a man pay his gambling debts and put off his tailor; or the scene in *War and Peace* when the countrified Natasha goes to her first opera and sees to her shame and bewilderment only a fat man in tights and a fat lady in a petticoat waving their arms in front of a cloth stretched over boards; or when Kutuzov on the eve of Borodino listens to the plans of his officers "just as he might have sat through a service in church" both because being old and having seen too much of life he knows that wars are won not by cleverness but by patience, and because what he really wants to know is what he is having for dinner—such scenes offer insights into human nature every bit as thrilling as the moment when Prince Andrei, lying wounded on the battlefield of Austerlitz, stares up at the infinitely lofty sky and understands for the first time that God's majesty arches above us and that all human activity and hopes and ambitions are in comparison wonderfully insignificant.

Tolstoy, then, is this-worldly; Dostoevsky is otherworldly. Dostoevsky's novels, like the Gospels, are cryptic, urgent, apocalyptic, single-minded, haunted by temptations of the devil and prospects of purity and redemption, dwelling in paradox, mystery, heart-rendingly simple parable, and forged at a heat hotter than mortals can bear. In Dostoevsky's work we feel constantly in the presence of the supernatural, whether infernal or divine.

Which of them is greater? Tolstoy portrays the world in all its variety and grandeur, and our pleasure in him is at encountering people whom we know but don't understand and hence don't love half so well as he, until he shows us how. The reader of Tolstoy feels as if he has lived ten lives consecutively, and met a wonderful new set of friends, and that the ones to which he must return are less real or dear to him. But Tolstoy's epiphanies, though infectious and uplifting, are never more than vague suffusions of the idea that God is everywhere, that life is infinitely precious, or that all men ought to be brothers.

Dostoevsky, by contrast, knows nothing of drawing rooms and war councils and boar hunts, but he begins where Tolstoy leaves off, just when the pressure of revelation threatens to become unbearable, to crush one's skull or rib cage. The reader of Dostoevsky slinks about, half deranged, beside himself, unfit for human company, conversing with angels and feeling hell's fires licking at his feet. All Dostoevsky's hard thinking and hard understanding is done about God, evil, redemption, the devil; what he tells us no one has ever thought or known before.

It is inevitable that subsequent literature, beginning with Tolstoy's friends Chekhov and Gorky, should have taken the Tolstoyan and not the Dostoevskian way. Our best writers today have many of Tolstoy's more feminine virtues—his forgiving sympathy, his eye for telling detail, his relish for the homely, comic, and commonplace, his attentiveness to character, his ability to suspend moral judgment of those he loves, his utter clarity of expression—yet none of his masculine strengths: his moments of exultant transcendence, his ambitious all-inclusiveness, his glorious starry heavens, his big and struggled-with ideas, his almost diagrammatic delineation of political and social structure. The difference is one not only of scale but of movement and ambition: Tolstoy's characters unfold and grow (sometimes to their own undoing), and their author is one who believes it possible through his depiction of this process to solve in fiction the question of why we are on earth. Contemporary fiction tends instead to ply a realism of downward adjustment, both in its characters' accommodation to a more narrowly circumscribed life and in its authors' reduced expectations of what a novel can do. If anyone today wrote a novel called *War and Peace*, it would be a joke.

A. N. Wilson's *Tolstoy* is an unusual biography. For one thing, it is relatively short—a mere 572 pages, including index. For another, in contrast to the current spate of bestselling "pathographies" that scant career and work to languish over dipsomania and wife-beating, Wilson reveres Tolstoy's literary gifts and is superb at discussing both individual works and his development as a novelist and thinker. But Wilson also takes no nonsense, casting a cool eye when Tolstoy plays the saint, keeping aloof from his rancorous marital battles, and refusing to dwell at length on his nasty senility. The result is a brisk, witty, and skeptical book which, while not pretending to exhaustiveness, will remain a clear-sighted guide to a titanic and contradictory soul. □

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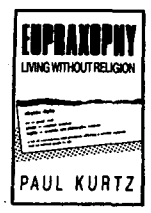

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THE IMPERIAL CONGRESS:
CRISIS IN THE SEPARATION OF POWERS
Edited by Gordon S. Jones and John Marini
Pharos Books/384 pp. $24.95

THE FETTERED PRESIDENCY: LEGAL
CONSTRAINTS ON THE EXECUTIVE BRANCH
Edited by L. Gordon Crovitz and Jeremy A. Rabkin
American Enterprise Institute/335 pp. $29.95; $10.95 paper

HONEST GRAFT: BIG MONEY AND
THE AMERICAN POLITICAL PROCESS
Brooks Jackson/Alfred A. Knopf/337 pp. $18.95

Fred Barnes

Ronald Reagan was hardly a pitiful, helpless giant as President. He was strong-willed, persuasive, and popular, the dominant figure in Washington for the first six of his eight years in the White House (the last two were a bad dream). Given this, it's ironic in the extreme that Congress grew more powerful, a lot more powerful, during the Reagan Era. And it wasn't just Congress as an institution that gained, though that would be ominous enough. No, it was congressional Democrats who got more power, despite controlling both the Senate and the House for only two years of Reagan's presidency. More specifically, Democratic liberals, particularly in the House, were the big gainers. And this occurred, remember, in a conservative era during the tenure of the most conservative President of modern times, or maybe ever.

How did it happen? Well, there are at least a half-dozen reasons. Reagan is one. He was weak, it turns out, in one disastrous way. He routinely failed to protect the prerogatives of the presidency. One painful example of this failure is well known: his refusal to veto the continuing resolution in 1984 that contained the most sweeping and noxious of the Boland Amendments. Another reason is the surprising cohesiveness of congressional Democrats. Their party can't elect a President, but it knows how to run Congress.

Part of the credit—or blame—for this state of affairs goes to Congressman Tony Coelho of California, the man who's most responsible for making Democratic incumbents invulnerable. Coelho, as Brooks Jackson of the *Wall Street Journal* recounts in fascinating detail in *Honest Graft*, wooed and cajoled business political action committees into pumping most of their campaign contributions to House Democrats. The result: only two were defeated in 1988. Not surprisingly, Republicans grew dispirited, which further enhanced Democratic hegemony. Republicans despaired of ever gaining control of the House. Why else would Dick Cheney trade the certainty of becoming House Republican leader in a few years for an undetermined future as George Bush's defense secretary? He wasn't angling for the job. Despair is the only explanation I know.

But the most compelling reason is one I hadn't thought of. It's simply that the "configuration of power in Washington" was conducive to both Democratic and congressional assertiveness. The quote is from the introduction to *The Fettered Presidency*, a collection of essays edited by L. Gordon Crovitz, the deputy editorial page editor at the *Wall Street Journal*, and Jeremy A. Rabkin, an associate professor of government at Cornell (and a frequent contributor to *TAS*). They argue cogently that Democrats wanted a neo-isolationist foreign policy and mushrooming domestic programs and that the structure of Congress made pursuit of these quite easy. Ideology and institution meshed. "For liberal Democrats in Congress in the 1980s," write Crovitz and Rabkin, "the ambitions of their party were very well matched with the opportunities afforded by their institutional place."

If Congress had wanted the opposite—an interventionist foreign policy and restrained domestic spending—it would have had difficulty. Short of declaring war, Congress can't force the President to intervene. "Beyond leaving the president a great deal of maneuvering room and urging him to use it," Congress is powerless to make a reluctant President be aggressive with adversaries. In domestic affairs, write Crovitz and Rabkin, Democrats "have generally embraced a far more heterogeneous coalition than have the Republicans, and they maintain this coalition in part by promising a diverse array of governmental benefits for the various elements in this coalition—in the vernacular, special-interest politics." This works famously in Congress, where "log rolling and pork barreling . . . find their natural home."

There was a time, of course, when Democrats promoted a powerful presidency. In *The Fettered Presidency*, Elliott Abrams, the former assistant secretary of state for Latin America, cites the example of Senator William Fulbright. "Like many in the Democratic party, he turned against presidential power when he turned against the Vietnam war in the mid-60s," says Abrams. "This view came to prevail in Congress when the political left realized that Congress could be used to thwart an active, anti-Communist foreign policy and that Congress could be relied on to do this, because of the virtually permanent control of the Democratic party over the House of Representatives and indeed—for most of the past twenty years—over the Senate." Thus, congressional Democrats tried repeatedly to restrict Reagan's power—in arms control talks, in dealing with the Sandinistas, and in pursuing modernization of nuclear forces. More often than not, they succeeded. And when the Reagan Administration bucked them, they transformed that intransigence (by Oliver North, for instance) into criminal behavior. Reagan fiddled while his aides burned. "A very large part of this weakening of the executive office stems from the Reagan Administration's failure to protect innocent officials who became caught up in the web of independent counsel investigation," says Crovitz, writing this time in *The Imperial Congress*.

In domestic affairs, Democrats were ingenious in circumventing Reagan's authority. The legislative veto was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court in 1983, but Congress found new ways to micromanage the executive branch. Report after report was ordered up. The requirement that congressional committees sign off on new regulations or policies was imposed. Most egregious of all is the practice of sending one appropriations bill to the President that contains the budgets for all federal agencies. This, in effect, deprives the President of his veto power. His choice is between signing the bill and stopping the government. In Reagan's case, he wasn't all that eager to veto spending bills anyway, even if they came to him separately. Nobody's perfect.

One of the most surprising phenomena of the 1980s was the resilience of congressional Democrats. They lost the Senate in 1980, when a conservative majority (Republicans plus Democratic boll weevils) also emerged in the House. But by 1982, they were on the road to recovery. By 1986, when they regained the Senate, they were again dominant inside the Beltway. Mark Crain, a professor of economics at George Mason University, has a novel theory about why this happened. It's the public choice explanation. In *The Imperial Congress*, Crain says that the presidency didn't decline, but the illusion that it did was created because Democrats in Congress rose. Democratic leaders, if only to appease the liberal majority in the party caucuses in both houses, insisted on loyalty. This meant virtual knee-jerk opposition to Reagan. "In 1981, the average House Democrat supported President Reagan's positions nearly half the time on roll call votes," he writes. "By 1986, support among House Democrats for Reagan initiatives had been cut in half." Crain contends that the most effective tool in enforcing party loyalty among Democrats is committee assignments. If you want a good one—the House Ways and Means or Rules Committees, say—then you'd better not buck the leadership. You'd better be as anti-Reagan and liberal as possible, given the political landscape of your district. Crain musters impressive empirical evidence to prove that those assigned to the best committees were, in fact, the most regularly anti-Reagan and liberal.

In another piece in *The Imperial Congress*, Clifford Barnhardt (a pseudonym for a Capitol Hill aide) points out that House Democratic liberals not only stymied the boll weevils but also forced both Speaker Jim Wright and Les Aspin, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, to heel. As majority leader, Wright voted for the MX missile. He had to correct that vote to become Speaker, and then not stray again. He didn't. Aspin voted for the MX and for contra aid, both heretical. To hold onto his chairmanship, he reversed himself. Meanwhile, Democrats limited the rights of minority

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Republicans, reducing their number of committee seats, their opportunity to introduce amendments, and so on. Small wonder that Republicans became, in Barnhardt's phrase, "a placid minority."

Tony Coelho again deserves special mention, along with Sen. Sam Nunn. Coelho is smart, extremely gregarious and likable, and deeply partisan. "One moment he is the kindly padre, the next moment a cold-blooded Machiavelli," writes Jackson. *Honest Graft* tells in riveting detail—Jackson was granted extraordinary access to Coelho's meetings and memos—how the congressman from rural California saved House Democrats from realignment. He did it mainly with money, something that Democrats once had trouble raising. If Coelho couldn't get money by asking, says Jackson, he got it by exerting political pressure. But he always got it, even if the money had to come from sleazy savings and loan buccaneers.

Nunn is a separate case, a Democrat noted for being objective and nonpartisan. His successful fight against John Tower as Bush's defense secretary belied his image. But this should have been clear before, especially to journalists like me. When you add up Nunn's foreign policy ventures in the 1980s, they amount to a concerted assault on presidential power, and on a President, Reagan, who wanted to exert that power in America's behalf in the world. But that's not the whole story. What Nunn also did was provide political cover for liberals. If Nunn was out front, as he was in opposing Tower, they were safe in lining up behind him. Who could criticize? For three years Nunn blocked the Army from developing a new tactical nuclear missile. He proposed refining but not jettisoning the blatantly unconstitutional War Powers Act. He forced Reagan to agree to a strict interpretation of the ABM treaty, even though it hadn't been debated at all when the treaty was ratified in 1972. "This encroachment on executive authority is truly breathtaking," insists Richard Perle, the former Defense Department official, in *The Fettered Presidency*. Nunn's action made it plain to foreign powers that in America there were two governments and two foreign policies, Reagan's and Congress's. This wasn't helpful.

What is to be done? Each of these books offers remedies. Jackson is unequivocal. Both PAC contributions and out-of-state donations to House and Senate candidates should be banned. I agree with the first part, so long as the $1,000 limit on individual contributions is raised or, better yet, revoked. Jackson also advocates lifting the ceiling on how much parties can spend on races. But the money would come from the federal treasury, a bad idea. Anyway, Jackson's book is great reading, a primer on the role of money in politics and on the shrewdness of Democrats like Coelho. There's a reason that Democrats do so well at politics. They're better at it than Republicans.

The editors of *The Imperial Congress*, Gordon Jones, a former vice president of the Heritage Foundation, and John Marini, an associate professor of political science at the University of Nevada-Reno, plead for something that George Bush is unlikely to give them soon, a confrontational presidency. "He can do so by informing the electorate and mobilizing it against an entrenched Congress, much as Franklin Delano Roosevelt mobilized the country against an unresponsive Supreme Court in the 1930s," they write. "It involves making enemies, in the press, among the intelligentsia, in Congress, even in certain quarters of the President's own party. It means the President cannot worry about his 'place in history.'" I'm not holding my breath.

Two more modest suggestions are appealing, at least to me. One is for giving the President enhanced recision authority. When the President asks Congress to rescind funds, all Congress has to do now is ignore him and funds stay. Under enhanced recision, the funds would be cut unless Congress voted to save them. This would give the President a kind of line-item veto, but it's not as repugnant to most members of Congress. And "the burden would . . . be on Congress to reject savings proposed by the President," writes Margaret N. Davis, an aide to GOP Sen. Phil Gramm, in *The Imperial Congress*.

Michael Horowitz, a Washington attorney who was a senior official at the Office of Management and Budget under Reagan, proposes a clever political ploy in *The Fettered Presidency*. Horowitz singles out the annual appropriation for Congress, a bill the President normally signs without a second thought. "There are 250 budget examiners at OMB, including one who spends part of his time on the Battlefield Monuments Commission budget," says Horowitz. "None, however, study the multibillion dollar legislative branch appropriation." They should take a look, he says. "Let the President use the budget process to focus on the expanded size of Congress and the ways that this bloated expense account is employed by Congress to re-elect incumbents and finance the subcommittees that intrude on executive branch prerogatives." Even Bush, if he gets desperate enough, might be willing to give this a try. He'd have nothing to lose but the pleasure of Jim Wright's company. □

PROFSCAM: PROFESSORS AND THE DEMISE OF HIGHER EDUCATION

Charles J. Sykes/Regnery Gateway/304 pp. $18.95

Kent Owen

Higher learning, particularly the stuff called liberal education, captures the attention of literate Americans at odd intervals. Let the Soviets steal a march into outer space, and the nation moves heaven and earth to remedy our defects in science and technology. Let our Olympic athletes make a so-so showing against the East Germans, and the guardians of physical culture summon that paragon of inspired amateurism, George Steinbrenner, to champion the cause. What, then, does it take to restore the Good, the True, and the Beautiful to dear old Siwash and Southwest Behemoth State?

Inevitably, when there is not quite enough to complain about with Armageddon a long way off, Americans get around to blaming colleges and universities for our present discontents: the decadence of leadership, the squalor of mass culture, local outbreaks of stupidity. Righteous indignation—that most self-indulgent of civic virtues—strains its nostrils whenever the spoor of academic misdoing turns fetid.

How dare these shiftless professors betray the public trust? Are we going to stand for the corruption of the innocents? Don't colleges require chapel and cold showers anymore? Why can't universities graduate people civilized and humane like us? Why isn't Congress doing something about all this?

Once again, the suspicion is abroad in the land that countless professors are loafing through seven-and-a-half hour weeks, watering curricular stocks, peddling seditious doctrines, cavorting like billyhell in the dormitories, and flummoxing the taxpayers. Admittedly, this is nice work if you can get it. But just for the record, the antics of the picaresque prof belong to the overworked genre of the poison-ivy novel, and not to the leaden chronicles of actual institutions—at least not since the heyday of Timothy Leary at Harvard. Professor, I knew Lucky Jim, and you're no Lucky Jim.

Indeed, the very word, professor, conjures images of medicine-show hucksters, dancing masters, and whorehouse piano-players. Despite what Richard Hofstadter taught us about anti-intellectualism in America, the reason for *lèse majesté* is the old democratic nose-thumbing at pretension, not disdain for the life of the mind. No doubt, sulking populists in every era stay mean as weasels because they despise any form of superior intelligence except shrewdness. Give them half a chance to show that the public isn't getting its money's worth from higher education, and they are all for laying waste to every faculty in sight. What they lack in generosity, they don't make up in subtlety.

Populist resentment misses the point about professoring. Most academics are compelled to grind away at their benches by decanal foremen and taskmasterful colleagues. But what they work at hardest seldom advances the learning of their students. In any institution that styles itself a university, and in more and more colleges of marginal quality, the governing purpose demands the output of scholarship and research, which can be offloaded in publications bearing the imprimatur of the guild. No matter how paltry the subject, crabbed the writing, or dull the thought, an article must out.

And to what end? Surely, this is by now common knowledge. Why, sir, it is the Great End to which all perforce must endeavor: Academic Prestige, a lustrous state of being, conferred by word of mouth and note of foot. Its magical power lifts earnest strivers to tenure and endowed chairs, grants and honors, modest fame and transcontinental glory. Wonder of wonders, it begets the aggrandizement of entire departments and colleges and universities, all thrust ever upward by the force of destiny. And the flimsy of gossip.

As dirty little secrets go, this scarcely ranks with buggery and coprophilia. Still, it is a fact of academic life that even today the laity can barely get straight. Try though we may to dispel our illusions about men and institutions, we civilians want to believe that the professoriate's foremost obligation is the teaching of undergraduates. Moreover, we keep alive the sentimental fiction that at their heart colleges and universities are devoted to a noble calling. If this be foolishness, we take com-

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fort in the recognition that it arises from forgivable failings.

Nevertheless, some sharp-eyed bystanders go ungulled. Right now the harshest voice among them belongs to Charles J. Sykes, a Wisconsin journalist, whose *ProfScam: Professors and the Demise of Higher Education* decries nearly everything he sees. His characterization of the professoriate is blunt: "a profession run amok and without responsibility or accountability to students, society, or learning." His indictments include the usual outrages plus several coming into fashion: exploitation of graduate students as teaching assistants ("an ill-trained, ill-paid, and bitter academic underclass"); deformation of the curriculum; perversion of academic freedom; charlatanry by the social sciences "more concerned with methodology and mindless quantification than with addressing any significant social questions"; corruption of the sciences through "an epidemic of academic fraud"; destruction of the humanities into "models of inhumanity and literature departments into departments of illiteracy." This sample puts it mildly.

Sykes is a damn sight more than angry; he's mad as hell—and determined to do something about it. If his book had nothing else in its favor, Sykes's skill at staying hopping mad through 264 pages would be worth remarking. Actually, his is the only book-length criticism of academic culture I can recall that doesn't affect a tone of righteous indignation and its modulations. The conventional and genteel manner of treating this sort of unpleasantness prescribes a certain restraint: ironic, snide, witty, coolly reproving, oblique, vaguely reproachful, rather censorious. Sykes should be thanked for having the gumption to make a scene.

Now as screeds go, *ProfScam* does an able job of piecing together an assortment of instances to condemn academic arrogance and roguery. Ordinarily, the inductive method forms a sound basis for competent journalism and scholarship, if the facts lead eventually to whatever conclusions are warranted. Bald facts, left to stand on their own, can be taken to suggest more than they may actually mean. Hence the statement, "Harvard Professor Susan Suleiman delivered a paper titled 'Metatextual Labels and Textual Properties,' indicating that even Harvard, that onetime bulwark against Theory, has succumbed to the new fashions," makes a curious leap, even though Sykes's source is Hilton Kramer's *New Criterion* article about that unfailing bugaboo, the annual meeting of the Modern Language Association.

Sykes is not very careful with details: William, not Henry, James was the teacher at Harvard; Edmund Wilson's book was *The Devils and Canon Barham*; it's Kleist's *Marquise von O*, not Kleits' (a mistake that's more than a typo because it's repeated in the index). Nothing fatal here, but don't let the scholars catch him. He's at his best when, relying on Joseph Epstein's excellent reportage, he recounts more extended episodes of academic folly such as the *cause célèbre* of the Marxist-Leninist English professor at Northwestern who used her academic freedom to prevent the contra leader Adolfo Calero from speaking there in 1985. You should be heartened to learn that she was denied tenure by the Northwestern president, but not before things got curiouser and curiouser. Sykes gives an enthralling account of the struggles of Harvard's Samuel P. Huntington to gain membership in the National Academy of Sciences and of the consequent furor over the validity of his research. The book also features the egregious matter of the *Dartmouth Review*, which was yet to be adjudicated at the time of publication. Perhaps Mr. Sykes should consider the possibility of issuing annual supplements so that his collection of scandals will be ever current. It is unlikely that the academy will fail to keep him supplied.

Inevitably, Sykes arrives at the question, "What, then, can be done to save our universities?" He allows that that will happen ". . . *only when they are forced to break away from the academic culture*" (his italics). His proposals for achieving "this secession" involve de-emphasizing professional demands for research, getting rid of tenure, setting standard teaching loads, and requiring professors to teach, making institutions practice "truth-in-advertising" about who teaches what, and "restoring the curriculum and the canon" to "ensure that all students are exposed to the basic classics of Western Thought."

To achieve what in comparison makes the Protestant Reformation look easy, Sykes calls for "shock troops": iron-willed trustees who will hire "presidents willing to challenge the powers of the professors and the tyranny of the academic culture; and then back them"; legislators "in a unique position to assault academic privilege from a vigorously populist perspective"; "Congress, foundations, and research grantors . . . sugar daddies of the academic culture" that will "tie their gifts to specific reforms" and "withhold their largess if the professors refuse to make such concessions"; students and parents who need to organize something like an academic Consumers Union to play ". . . the role of watchdog and advocate for quality in American higher education"; professors "committed not only to teaching but also to the traditions of taste, reason, and a common intellectual discourse that were once taken for granted, but which are now fugitives from the academy."

Even if nothing else comes of Sykes's call to arms, there is an outside chance that editorialists, legislators, alumni, and trustees will read the book and put disagreeable questions to academics of their acquaintance. Forthright and unsparing as *ProfScam* is, it may yet provoke enough of a ruckus to startle some professors out of their complacency. The professoriate can be counted on to protest that the vulgar broadside is the shallow journalism of a philistine who has strung together aberrations and caricatures. With few exceptions, they will solemnly declare that the book is beneath contempt, unspeakably vile and false.

To my own taste and thinking, *ProfScam* doesn't rank very high in the long list of books that have tried to deal seriously with the swollen state of academic life in America. Russell Kirk's *Decadence and Renewal in the Higher Learning: An Episodic History of American University and College Since 1953*, published by Gateway in 1978, is a more thoughtful and nourishing work, which in its conviction shows how a humanely educated person would reform the institution he cherishes. The crux of the matter was best expressed by Thomas Arnold of Rugby: "No one ought to meddle with the universities, who does not know them well and love them well." That sentiment was put to fine use by Michael Oakeshott in his own essay-review, "The Universities," first published in the *Cambridge Journal* in 1949 (and now reprinted in *The*

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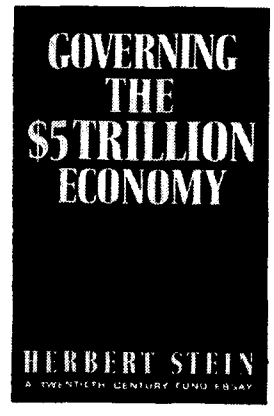

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Voice of Liberal Learning, Yale University Press, 169 pp., $20). The British political philosopher began that piece: "Critics of the universities have appeared in every generation. The criticism has come from within and from without; from teachers, from the taught and from the great and often ignorant world. It has ranged from malicious detraction to the quiet consideration of manifest defects which has been the source of all fruitful reform."

Accordingly, it seems to me that Sykes has too little respect for the enduring values of liberal learning and academic community, which, despite the corruptions of every age, persist and, from time to time, prevail. His solutions to the problems of the present age are radical, even revolutionary, and, because of that, needlessly destructive. Although his complaints are about real problems that threaten the integrity of the American college and university, his proposals are unwise and unsound. Thus, his book offers useful information, but unhelpful advice. *ProfScam* deserves to be read and discussed, but with a sense of caution and a deeper understanding of what academic life has meant and may once again come to mean. In an issue to come, I'll try to take up what is worth conserving in our colleges and universities. □

THE LYRE OF ORPHEUS

Robertson Davies/Viking/472 pp. $19.95

Aram Bakshian, Jr.

If you are among the growing number of readers who resort to fiction as a mental muscle relaxant, Robertson Davies is not your kind of novelist. The doyen of Canadian authors refuses to succumb to the trite or trendy. With Davies, the easy read is eschewed for the intelligent read; timelessness triumphs over timeliness, and a measure of literacy, wit, and mature thought is required of the reader as well as the author.

An accomplished critic, essayist, and novelist, Davies has also served time as an actor and academician, experiences that enrich most of the pages of his latest novel. *The Lyre of Orpheus*, as strummed by Davies, evokes myth, magic, music, theatre, ivory-tower oddities, poetry, and generous insights into the Old Adam and his Maker. All this combines to tell a story that, excellent in itself, also neatly concludes the latest Davies trilogy. Those unfamiliar with the preceding volumes, *The Rebel Angels* and *What's Bred in the Bone* (both still in print as paperbacks), will derive maximum enjoyment by reading them in sequence. But each stands as a distinctive work, much in the manner of Trollope's ecclesiastical and parliamentary novels, though covering murky areas of the human psyche and behavior which that Victorian worthy may never have dreamt of.

Not that the Victorians didn't know a thing or two about sin, which gives their best work more depth than most contemporary fiction. As Davies himself has observed, "Sin is the great unacknowledged element in modern life. The great Freudian revolution diffused old sins. No one believes in spite anymore. People call it objectivity and then act mean as hell on very high-minded grounds." To the extent that psychology has something to tell us, says Davies, the key lies more in Jung than Freud, in seeking to understand the meanings of dream and myth not to explain individual quirks, but to know why human beings have an inbred desire "to believe in certain things. . . . Why do people wish to believe in saints? Why do they develop legends that are manifestly untrue but they wish to be true?" And, ultimately, does a greater truth about man and the universe lie rooted beneath this mythic topsoil?

The Lyre of Orpheus explores these questions in a triple-tiered allegory: an early form of the Arthurian legend of chivalry, cuckoldry, and redemption that inspires a present-day attempt to complete an operatic fragment based on the legend by the nineteenth-century German romantic author-composer E.T.A. ("Tales of") Hoffmann. This, in turn, triggers another cycle of idealism, betrayal, and cleansing on the part of the modern roundtable of philanthropists, scholars, and artists who work on the opera and its premiere in contemporary Canada. The theme, taken from a real line of Hoffmann's, is that "The Lyre of Orpheus opens the door of the underworld." And in the course of 472 entertaining pages, it does.

If all this sounds a bit labored, it should not. Davies is a master of plot, character, dialogue, and irony. Minor comic figures and comic moments abound, and he has a poetic gift for language. Nor, despite his erudition and academic background, does Davies ever succumb to pedantry, a scholarly affliction which his years as master of Massey College in Toronto have taught him to despise. Some of his best needling is reserved for learned philistines such as the lady scholar who

> had a critical system, unfailing in its power to reduce poetry to technicalities and to slide easily over its content. It was a system which, properly applied, could put Homer in his place and turn the Sonnets of Shakespeare into critic-fodder. Without intending to be so, it was a system which, once mastered, set the possessor free forever, should that be his wish, from anything a poet, however noble in spirit, might have felt and imparted to the world.

There is also the occasional graceful swipe at academic bluffers, as when two faculty members, discussing the opera project but totally ignorant of the identity of the nineteenth-century theatrical hack, James Robertson Planche (who was originally intended as its librettist), engage in a professional battle of witlessness: "Neither the dean nor Darcourt knew who Planche was, but they sparred in the accustomed academic manner to find out what the other knew, and worked up a cloud of unknowing which, again in the academic manner, seemed to give them comfort."

It is not surprising that Davies's disdain for learned flummery, and his strong sense of civilized tradition and the darker reaches beneath, should annoy and perhaps genuinely puzzle some of the more literal-minded *literati* of today. Even an essentially friendly critic, Professor Phyllis Rose, complained in the *New York Times* that Davies's approach is "ahistorical, conservative" and that, despite "wild invention and bizarre plot turns, he does not believe that human nature changes." Professor Rose, who apparently believes that the human race redefines itself and grows a new soul every few years, found this a bleak perspective for a novelist because:

> If circumstances do not affect the soul, if each person lives out a quest to achieve personal integration and only the terms of the quest change, then truly there is nothing new under the sun. . . . Create characters who have no vital connection to their times and they will have no depth.

Professor Rose got it backwards. By proving that his characters have depths and dimensions that go back far beyond 1980s North America, Davies gives their feelings and conflicts a larger meaning and recognizes human nature as a spiritual creation of infinite complexity rather than a fickle mutation subject to change without notice, rather like each season's hemlines.

For all his barbs, Davies takes a basically humane view of his characters and the world, best articulated by Simon Darcourt, the bemused Anglican priest through whose eyes most of the novel's action—and underlying passions—is sensed. The priestly role of both author and character is flawed and limited by human nature, as Darcourt confesses to Arthur Cornish, the millionaire benefactor who, like his namesake of the opera and legend, has tried to create a Camelot and ends up a noble cuckold:

> I know we are supposed to love mankind indiscriminately, but I don't. That's why I gave up practical priesthood and became a professor. My faith charges me to love my neighbor but I can't and I won't fake it, in the greasy way professional lovers-of-mankind do—the professionally charitable, the newspaper sob sisters, the politicians. I'm not Christ, Arthur, and I can't love like Him, so I settle for courtesy, consideration, decent manners, and whatever I can do for the people I really do love . . .

Perhaps Darcourt's—and Davies's—personal creed is best summed up in a passage describing the baptism of the baby conceived as a result of Arthur's cuckolding, a product of adultery that reunites an estranged couple with a bond of love:

> Its solely Christian implications apart . . . [baptism] was the acceptance of a new life into a society that thereby declared that it had a place for new life; it was an assertion of an attitude toward life that was expressed in the Creed which was a part of the service in a form archaic and compressed but full of noble implication. The parents and godparents might think they did not believe that Creed, as they recited it, but it was plain to Darcourt that they were living in a society which had its roots in that Creed. . . . The Creed was one of the great signposts in the journey of mankind from a primitive society toward whatever was to come, and though the signpost might be falling behind in the march of civilization, it had marked a great advance from which there could be no permanent retreat.

Even at his most fantastic, Robertson Davies clings to this basic truth, recognizing along the way that "one of the most difficult tasks for the educated and sophisticated mind is to recognize that some clichés are also important truths," a lesson lost on most of today's novelists, and the reason why they will be forgotten long before this brilliant mixture of Merlin, Falstaff, and moralist, Robertson Davies—quite possibly the worthiest novelist writing in the English language today. Tired London and trendy New York have been trumped by a white-bearded old eccentric in, of all places, Toronto. □

Aram Bakshian, Jr. is a Washington-based author and broadcaster.

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CORRESPONDENCE
(continued from page 9)

tle's *Ethics*. Both statements may properly be ascribed to the view that happiness is an ethical state.

We also are left with the erroneous impression that Aristotle and the Founding Fathers are at odds on their conception of happiness. Murray's title undoubtedly was inspired by the first sentence of the second paragraph of the Declaration of Independence—a fact that Minogue nowhere mentions, thereby leaving us with the impression that he is unaware of the pivotal role the phrase "pursuit of happiness" plays in our country's history and the history of the world. Jefferson's phrase probably was inspired by the Virginia Declaration of Rights drafted by George Mason only a month before Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. The Virginia Declaration includes in man's "inherent rights" the right of "pursuing and obtaining happiness. . . ." Jefferson dropped "obtain" and retained "pursue." The resulting language is consistent with the ethical view that happiness is not a good to be enjoyed in this life. Man has no natural right to *be* happy, only to pursue it, and government is powerless to make any man happy since happiness is beyond the grasp of each until we draw our last breath.

—Davis W. Nelson
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Kenneth Minogue replies:
Mr. Nelson thinks of the history of ideas as if it were a military parade-ground in which neatly uniformed traditions do their stuff. Aristotle is by no means insensitive to the psychology of happiness, nor Bentham to grander ethical possibilities, but happiness is a complex idea which invites development in several directions, none of them entirely philosophically coherent. The Aristotelian view certainly assumes a conception of human life very different from what prevails in the individualist atmosphere of the modern Christian West.

I did not mention the Declaration of Independence because I cannot imagine a reader of *The American Spectator* who would need reminding of it. I take the view that the Founding Fathers were neither Aristotelians nor Benthamites; nor were they primarily concerned with ethics or psychology—to invoke one version of the binary mousetrap in which Mr. Nelson seeks to catch our minds. They thought that good government should guarantee peace and allow its subjects to get on with pursuing whatever view of the human good they might entertain. This individualist notion of happiness, which I take to derive from the religious pluralism of the colonies, is distinct from either of these opinions. What it takes for granted is that a modern state will contain a great variety of ideas about how life should be conducted, and that government has no business deciding between those ideas. Aristotle does approve of some element of variety in a *polis*, but he could hardly be expected to have envisaged the situation and judgments of the Founding Fathers.

Among the puzzling things about Mr. Nelson's argument is his assumption that happiness is not a good to be enjoyed in this life. "Call no man happy till he be dead" does not, I take it, mean that happiness is to be enjoyed in an afterlife of immortality. It is merely a warning that terrible things can shatter the basis of one's life right up to the end of it. Moral philosophers need not bother much with happiness, but those who do are always concerned with earthly human destiny. Enlightenment and Biblical themes mingled in those who wrote the famous Declaration, and their use of the term "happiness" reflects this ambivalence. Charles Murray's book usefully preserves and builds on it.

It Still Bothers Me
It has been a long time since I read the January 1989 *American Spectator*, but it still bothers me that in "Current Wisdom" on page 50 of that issue, you appear to be making fun of Kathleen Condon for objecting to the practice of forcing young girls to expose their private parts in public places. One could, of course, wish that she had expressed herself with less group-think mentality, but you appear to think that being forbidden to cover your legs during a New York winter is a trivial matter.

Oh. I just noticed your address. I'm sure you all wear kilts around the office in perfect comfort.

—Joy Beeson
Voorheesville, New York

EDITORIALS
(continued from page 11)

national consciousness." Most Americans now recognize that social services cost money, and that someone has to pay for them. That Senator Kennedy's Liberalism is oblivious to this simple economic reality is one of the reasons that it is moribund. If businesses are forced to pay the bill for "mandated benefits" their labor costs will increase. They will have to pass those costs on to their customers, lay off workers, or go out of business. "Mandated benefits" are actually nothing more than a hidden payroll tax to pay for another set of extravagant Liberal programs.

Senator Kennedy had best face the fact that what he calls Liberalism is ready for the Happy Hunting Ground. There are four reasons for this. America has invested in all the social programs it can afford—Liberalism's latest are sheer extravagance. American government lacks the authority to enforce any further social engineering—Liberalism's 1960s enthusiasm for pluralism rendered its vision of the planned society futile. Liberalism can no longer reach a consensus on what it wants—a Liberal cocktail party can be an incitement to riot. And finally, modern American conservatism has absorbed what was best in Liberalism's welfare state. Then Ronald Reagan went on to assure American interests abroad and prosperity at home. The problems to be addressed now have to do with crime, family life, strategic defense, and economic fine-tuning—matters completely beyond Senator Kennedy's ken. So we shall disagree for another year. □

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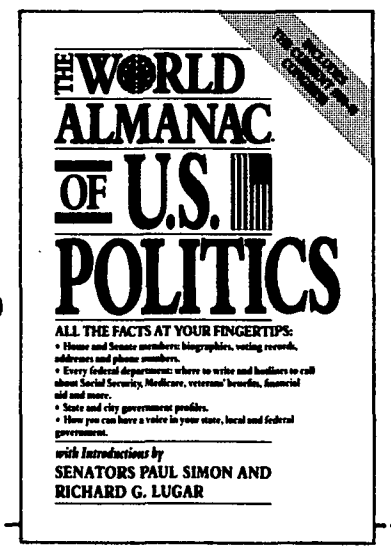
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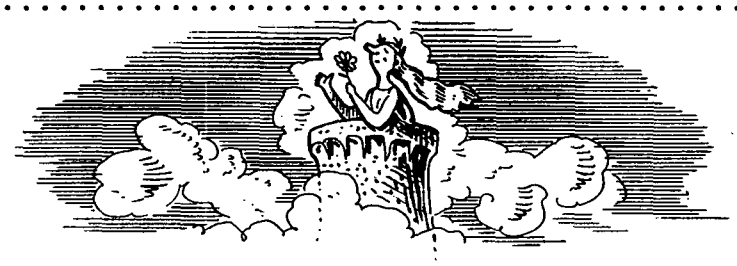

UPSTAGING BROADWAY

by Rick Marin

Do readers of the *New York Times* wonder what exactly Frank Rich is talking about when he says that there were "five not altogether distinguished productions" of Shakespeare's *The Tempest* last year in London? As America's most powerful theater critic, his is the heavy voice of authority—he oughtta know. But hold on. The word that should jump out of that quotation isn't the un-"distinguished," it's the "five."

Five *Tempests* in a single year. Broadway is lucky to see one in five years. Above and beyond the healthy staple of contemporary plays—and cash-cow musicals like *Cats* that thrive on both sides of the Atlantic—London theater listings typically include a handful of Restoration comedies, the obscurest Shakespeare (*Cymbeline, The Winter's Tale*, maybe a *Timon of Athens*), and at least one Elizabethan revenge tragedy. In America this stuff barely makes it into textbooks (even the "Eurocentric" ones). Over there it's actually being performed—a veritable Norton Anthology of English theater alive and well in the West End. People line up for tickets. Dead playwrights sell out. In New York, Neil Simon does.

The week I spent in London I took in seven shows in five days. Mostly new plays, except *Richard II*, and all but one (a musical vulgarity called *Budgie*) what the discriminating dramaphile would call "serious." Yet most weren't serious at all. At least in the pretentious, hair-shirt sense of the word. A tradition, almost a responsibility, seems to have evolved in modern British theater to entertain as well as edify the paying public.

Peter Cook once ghosted a cartoon caption for the *Observer* that said, "You know, I go to the theater to be entertained. I don't want to see plays about rape, sodomy and drug addiction . . . I can get all that at home." Quite. In the world of Tom Stoppard (*Jumpers*), Michael Frayn (*Noises Off*), and Alan Ayckbourn (*Absurd Person Singular*), smart can equally be fun. The "message" doesn't have to be spooned up with cod-liver oil.

Take Ayckbourn's latest black comedy, *Henceforward . . .*, set in an apocalyptic quarter of the near future somewhere between *A Clockwork Orange* and *Blade Runner*. A dyspeptic composer lives hermetically isolated in a London ruled by roving gangs. Divorced, he's desperate to get partial custody of his estranged daughter but must first persuade a social worker that he's a fit, stable father figure. This means rewiring his factory-reject android, NAN300F, to mimic a human significant other that will pass muster with his ex-wife and the bureaucrat. Ayckbourn's razor cuts an exacting swath. His hip, futuristic dystopia bristles with imagination, yet the wit doesn't upstage its emotional impact.

Henceforward . . . is Ayckbourn's thirty-second play, an amazing statistic even by the Brits' prolific standards. But his peers, too, do churn it out. That Harold Pinter, David Hare, Stoppard, Ayckbourn, Peter Shaffer, and Frayn should all have productions in direct competition within a few blocks of each other is remarkable. It's impossible to imagine Broadway simultaneously supporting works by an equivalent crowd—say, Sam Shepard, David Mamet, Lanford Wilson, and half a dozen others—not to mention such a profusion of classics. There are economic reasons for this disparity. New York playwrights have always been easy marks for the temptations of Hollywood. Shepard, the thinking woman's Marlboro Man, seems to spend more time acting than writing. Even the tough guys go down sooner or later. Mamet's *Speed-the-Plow* is a poison valentine to West Coast shysters and hustlers, but a valentine nonetheless.

There are other economic pressures squeezing Broadway: unions, real estate, unions. The material is there. The money, for anything but bankable dead-certain hits, isn't.

Despite endless whining from the "arts community" about the ravages of Thatcherism, theater in Britain remains a cozily subsidized industry, notably at the Royal Shakespeare Co. and the National Theater. If capitalist Broadway reflects market value, London ticket prices are kept well below it. Depending on the dollar, under $40 for the top musicals; $25 for the most sought-after plays. That kind of money will buy seats to almost anything. For those willing to queue, half-price tickets are available the day of performance for all but a few blockbuster hits, and about 40 percent of ticket purchases in London are made the day of. It's a casual, natural activity. Like going to a movie.

In vivid contrast to the vast concrete barns and cramped black-on-black dungeons that house most American drama, the better West End theaters—the Duke of York's, the Theatre Royal Haymarket, the Phoenix—are monuments to bygone elegance, lush palaces of red velvet and gold leaf. A far cry from a sticky evening at the local multiplex.

In a year-end roundup, one British newspaper critic expressed thanks that the theater was "in there fighting, and has no longer ceded to television the job of social and political analysis." *Television* no less. Another country indeed. These people actually *want* to see Derek Jacobi do *Richard II* and *III*. In Manhattan, it's Joseph Papp's hooked-on-classics hype that lures the masses to Shakespeare. Martin Sheen's rock 'n' roll *Hamlet*. Al Pacino as Julius Caesar. The world awaits Judd Nelson's Macbeth, Demi Moore's Desdemona, and—this is Papp's new brainstorm—Cher's Cleopatra.

Like anywhere, London sees its share of junk. The *No Sex Please, We're British* school of slapstick T&A is still in full jiggle. But significant numbers also turn up at theaters with nary a T or an A on the marquee. For example, *Lettuce and Lovage*, by Peter Shaffer, the author of *Equus* and *Amadeus*, ostensibly concerns an odd relationship between two odd older women. But it's as much about the demise of architecture and language—taking emphatically conservative stands on both. Tom Stoppard's *Hapgood* delves into the vicissitudes of quantum physics.

It seems the British take not only their own drama more seriously, but ours too. Peter Hall's first solo venture after fifteen years as director of the National Theater was to raise from the dead Tennessee Williams's *Orpheus Descending*, with Vanessa Redgrave playing to sell-out crowds in the starring role. It's a marathon dirge almost never performed here—arguably (if you don't like the play), with good reason. But accepting conventional wisdom's ranking of Williams, after Eugene O'Neill, as *the* great American playwright, why does it take a foreigner to restore Williams's magnum opus to the stage?

Over here, only Gregory Mosher, the impresario of Lincoln Center, seems to have as shrewd an eye for quality and the box office. The man who put Madonna in *Speed-the-Plow* this season undertook rehabilitation of Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*, cast first (for art) with Downtown monologuist Spalding Gray as the Stage Manager. Then (for money) Don Ameche.

It's apparently fashionable in elite circles to snipe at the London stage. "Shaftesbury Avenue [the West End thoroughfare] continues to sink into the same tourists' common denominator as Broadway," sniffs Frank Rich in the *Times*. *The Washington Post* quotes a British actor complaining that the West End needs "a good kick in the bum." By all means, kick hard. Maybe somebody will feel it over here. □

Rick Marin is television critic for the Washington Times.

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Although the revolutionary process in Grenada was abruptly interrupted in the fall of 1983 by the internal coup and the U.S. military invasion, almost five years had been devoted to the creation of a new educational structure that brought literacy, a new cultural identity, and an increasingly complex political consciousness to the masses of people. During that time, billboards bearing slogans such as "Education, A Right Not A Privilege" decorated the entire island. Young teachers enthusiastically taught adults the basic skills of reading and writing, while new schools were established to provide free public education to all.

Textbooks were being rewritten to reflect the history and heritage of the Grenadians. In the earliest primary grades, books had already been published in the people's spoken language, as opposed to the queen's English, thereby facilitating the transition from the spoken to the written language as well as legitimizing the rich oral tradition of Grenada. Culture had begun to flourish during those four and a half years, and important research was being conducted for the very first time into the African roots of the Grenadian experience. On the island of Carriacou, for example, the traditional Big Drum Dance was being reverently taught and studied as one of the most powerful cultural affirmations today of the Grenadian people's African heritage.

[from Women, Culture, and Politics *by Angela Y. Davis. Random House, 239 pp. $17.95.]*

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Washington Post

On the correspondence page of the distinguished *Post*, some really beautiful writing from the owner of the largest Teddy bear collection in the greater Washington area:

'Cat Stevens Is Gone Now'

I feel as if I should go about in mourning. A big, precious part of my youth has been irrevocably torn away from me. Cat Stevens has come out in favor of the Ayatollah Khomeini's death sentence for Salman Rushdie [Style, Feb. 23], and it hurts.

For most readers, this little article probably didn't mean all that much; it looked like some kook of a pop star had gone off the deep end, as pop stars are wont to do. Why even bother to think about it?

The fact is that for many of us growing up in the '70s, Cat Stevens was much more than a pop star. He was a songwriter who touched us deeply and helped lead us through that rough terrain of adolescence. He was just about as confused as we were about the big questions—life, God, the meaning of it all—and he helped to make our journey a little easier. . . .

Cat Stevens is gone now. The spirit that sang in our ears and did so much to help us is just a ghost. Even though I know I have no reason to, I feel betrayed.

—Andrew White
Arlington

[March 6, 1989]

Los Angeles Times Magazine

The battle between the sexes gets rough, as the god-like Susan Littwin reports from the aerobics field of honor:

I'm middle-aged and middle-class and I have no history of violence. In fact, the only thing I do with any physical force at all is exercise, and I do that in a fancy health club in the Valley. So I surprised myself a few weeks ago when I nearly came to blows with a half-naked man in my aerobics class.

The man had planted himself front and center in a fast-paced class and refused to budge when the class began moving back and forth across the room. He just stood there, doing his own little duck paddle. When I crossed what he considered to be *his* territory, he pushed me—hard. This was no warning nudge. This was an outright mean shove.

I turned on him like a kid in a schoolyard fight. The music stopped; luckily, no fists flew. We stood toe to toe, eyes blazing. "Don't you ever push me again!" I said, teeth clenched. "You'd better watch out!" he lashed back, jaw jutting.

Never mind that I felt foolish. What matters to me now is *why* I was so angry with this otherwise unprepossessing middle-aged man. At the time, I just felt that he was an intruder, an intolerably male and self-important intruder.

The truth is—and I'm fully aware that I'll be called a reverse sexist, but I've lived with direct sexism a long time, and now it's my turn—I'm highly annoyed by men in aerobics classes.

[February 5, 1989]

Baculus
(University of Tulsa School of Law)

In a memorable essay titled "Toilets As A Feminist Issue" Taunya Lovell Banks, professor of Law at the University of Tulsa and a lecturer of both Criminal and Constitutional Law, displays the powers of high ratiocination that would make her a natural collaborator with the other distinguished authors of *The Federalist Papers*, if only she were writing in the late eighteenth century and all her readers were drunk by 8:00 a.m.:

One can measure the degree of equality between the sexes in America by its public toilets. As a child growing up I remember that most public toilets for women had pay stalls. It often cost a nickel or even a dime to relieve yourself in a public toilet. There may have been one or even two free stalls, but they were often filthy and usually lacked toilet tissue. . . . One male friend maintains that men simply hold their waste longer than women because men dislike using public toilets. I am not convinced; rather I believe that the presence of urinals in the men's rooms, along with a few stalls allows these rooms to accommodate more users than women's bathrooms do. For approximately the same cost, men's bathrooms can be built to accommodate more users than women's bathrooms. Men would say this is economic equality. Granted economic considerations are valid, but I contend that economic claims mask the deep-rooted reasons for the inequality of access, the desire of men to keep women at home.

There is no valid reason why women should have less access to bathroom facilities than men. Some may maintain that women insist on privacy which requires building enclosed stalls, whereas men do not. Another male friend suggested that women's bathrooms be constructed with rows of toilets making the costs similar to that for a bank of urinals. This suggestion ignores the biological differences between men and women. Men use urinals facing inward whereas women use toilets facing outward; thus, unless the toilets face the wall, women would have less privacy than men under this arrangement.

[October 1988]

Ferndale Enterprise
(Ferndale, California)

The true red-blooded American conservative spirit ventilated in the correspondence pages of a great American gazette:

Concerning "Dash of Bitters" medicine child-proof lids: I find that backing the car over the bottle saves a lot of wear and tear on the fingers.

—Mary O'Reilly
Trinidad

[February 2, 1989]

San Francisco Chronicle

The auspicious consequences of an all-bran supper on Art:

In Milwaukee, Kevin (G. G.) Allin, 32, a member of the group Toilet Rockers, has been charged with disorderly conduct after a performance in which he allegedly cut himself with glass, exposed himself to the audience and defecated on stage.

"I've done it before, but I don't do it at every show," he said. "I don't want to be predictable."

[March 3, 1989]

New York Times

On a visit to gritty Chicago, the gifted J. Anthony Lukas speaks for the literary nerds of the "writerly community," who apparently cannot distinguish between a veteran throwing a punch and an arsonist or a murderer:

As our jet dipped a wing over Jamaica Bay and soared toward the greening plains, I slipped free of New York's nervous preoccupations. It had been an intense few weeks as the city's writerly community sought the appropriate response to the Ayatollah's death threat against Salman Rushdie. . . .

Some critics have dismissed the Rushdie affair as a bout of literary grandstanding. So as my wife and I flew to Chicago last Saturday, we wondered whether we had lost some perspective. Perhaps it would do us good to spend some time in a grittier town, a place in touch with the more prosaic concerns of most Americans.

Checking into an establishment on Michigan Avenue, we woke late Sunday morning to the blare of loudspeakers. . . . Craning our necks out the window, we saw some 3,000 people massed before the gleaming facade of the Art Institute of Chicago. Above them, a forest of American flags bobbed in the sunlight. Up the avenue came a chant from a smaller group: "Mandatory patriotism—we say no! The thought police have got to go!"

Abruptly, a burly man in khaki, his face contorted in rage, plunged into the circle of youthful dissidents flailing at them with his fists. . . . What we had witnessed that Sunday morning in Chicago was the latest—and largest—challenge yet to an exhibit recently installed at the school of the Art Institute. The work of a student named "Dred" Scott Tyler, it is entitled, "What is The Proper Way to Display a U.S. Flag?" Answers can be inscribed in two ledgers set on a shelf against the wall. Spread out on the floor in front of the shelf is a large American flag, which offered visitors the option of trampling on the flag to get at the ledgers. . . .

The events on Michigan Avenue were ample evidence that the "Rushdie affair" was no exotic literary cause célèbre. We hadn't waited long for an echo deep in the American heartland, a somber warning that many of our fellow citizens are as willing as mullahs in Teheran to silence dissident voices that offend their sacred symbols and beliefs.

[March 16, 1989]

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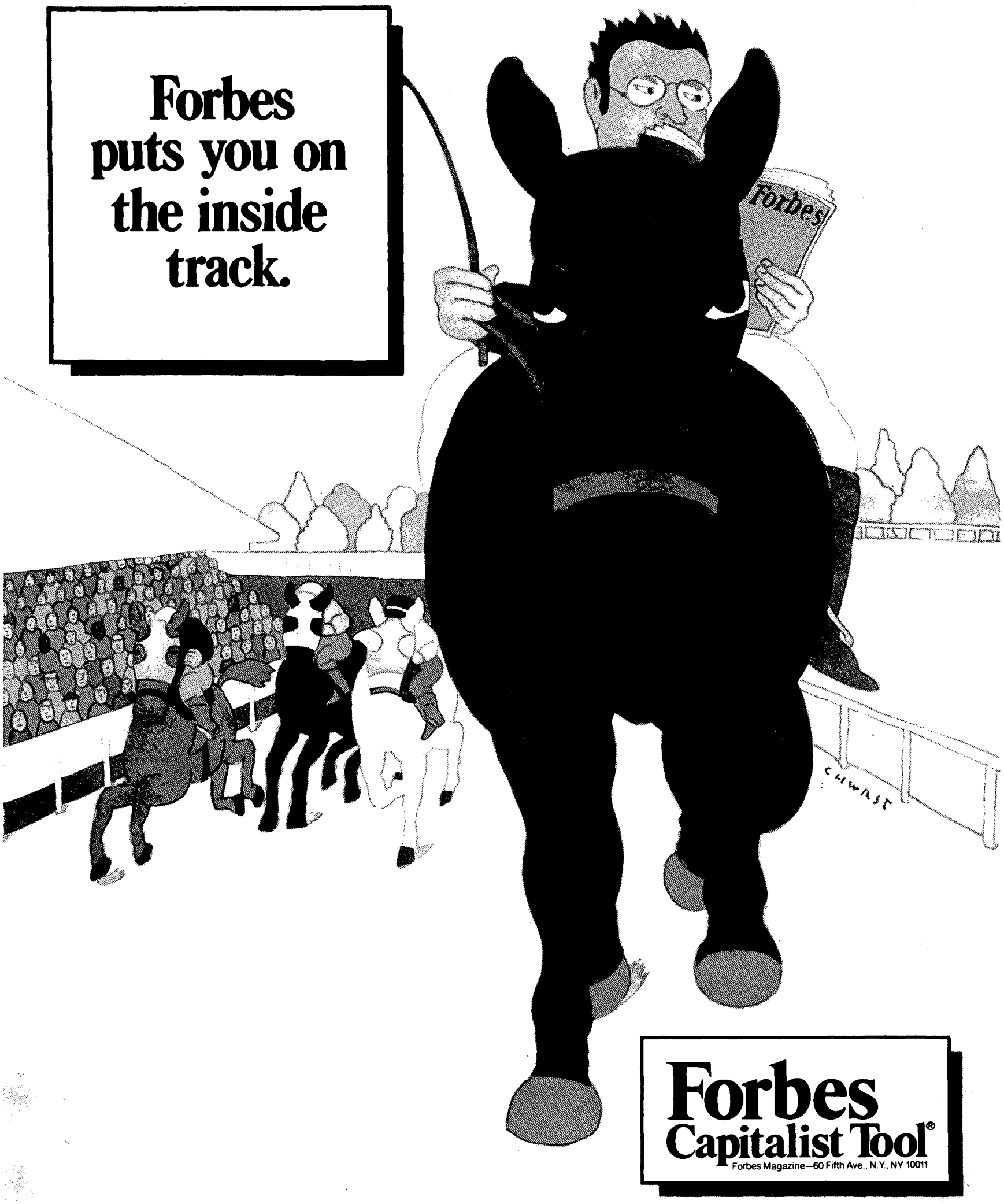

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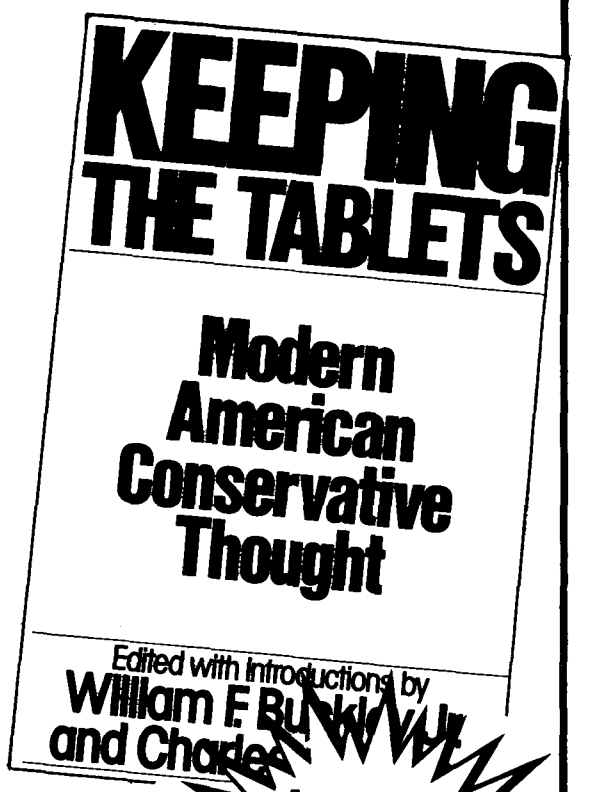

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